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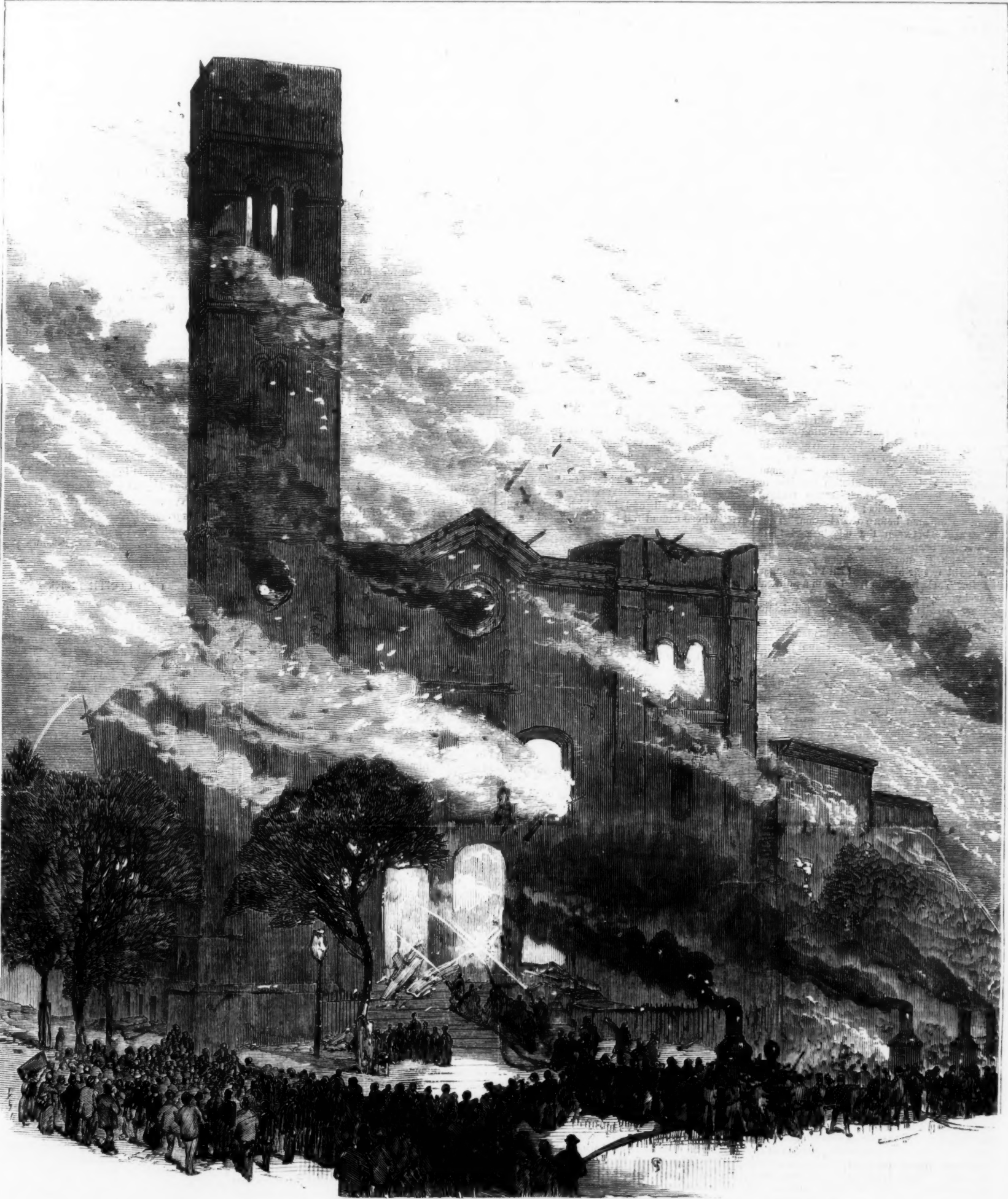
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT BALTIMORE FIRE.—BURNING OF THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CORNER OF SARATOGA AND LIBERTY STREETS.—SKETCHED BY BEN DAY.
SEE PAGE 343.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA occupies nearly the same position now in politics that New York did a few years ago. The latter city boasted in Tammany the greatest political ring in America, but since the overthrow of that famous dynasty, the eminent distinction must be given to Philadelphia. This ring naturally rose out of the almost uninterrupted rule of the Republican Party, for continuous possession of power by any man or set of men makes tyranny and political corruption inevitable. The combination is not wholly Republican; the treachery of Democratic leaders has been for years an evil, till now the local Democracy is so demoralized that it is likely it will not place a ticket in the field this Fall. The Republican leaders, however, have had the control of public affairs, and they are responsible for the condition of the city and its government.

Under this absolute rule the people seem to be restless and dissatisfied. Without exception every daily newspaper in Philadelphia has at some time denounced it, though a portion of the Press has of late been silent. A Reform Association was formed three years ago by citizens, irrespective of party, who were alarmed at the rapid increase of the city debt, now over \$54,000,000, and the evidence of corruption in some departments of the government. This association has successfully made war upon numerous abuses, has compelled the respect, if not the fear, of its opponents, and has nominated independent candidates for this Fall, who will probably receive a larger vote than the election officers will consent to count. The convention to revise the Constitution of the State has proposed several changes in that instrument which, it is believed, will abolish the system of special legislation, which is the fruitful cause of municipal evils; but these changes cannot be effected before the election. Thus the struggle between the people and their masters has been continued for several years, and never with more energy than at present; and it will not be abandoned till Philadelphia, like New York, has been freed from a political oligarchy.

The portraits of Philadelphia politicians which we present this week include those of the majority of the Republican leaders. The chief of these is Mr. William B. Mann, District Attorney, who is the autocrat of the Republican Party in Philadelphia, and recognized as such by both enemies and friends. He is an experienced and able criminal lawyer, a powerful speaker, and a man of extraordinary energy and more than average ability. Probably because of his position as the prosecuting officer of the Commonwealth, he has great influence over the Democracy, and is obeyed by many who have good reason to fear him. He is the Ben. Butler of his party, always ready to take the responsibility, fertile in expedients, resolute in the execution of his plans. Personally, Mr. Mann is said to have excellent qualities, to be generous to his friends and magnanimous to his enemies, but he is resolved to rule. His present income is believed to be immense. Mr. Mann was the creator of the Registry Law, which allows the Republicans to appoint the election officers for the Democracy, which it needs no explanation to show gives the former party an almost impregnable position. So long as that law endures his rule will last. It reminds us of Byron's verse, "While stands the Coliseum Rome shall stand, when falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall, and when Rome falls, the world." Mr. Mann knows this, and leans upon the Registry Law like Hope upon her anchor. In this attitude he should be photographed.

Mr. Stokely is the Mayor of the city, and a self-made man who worked himself up to a position he is not altogether capable of filling. He is a plain business-man, and not "an orator as Brutus is." The aristocratic members of the party look with little favor upon Mr. Stokely, because of his humble beginning, but he is using all his energies and the influence of the police force to secure a renomination next year. As the next Mayor will preside at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, much opposition exists to his ambition, the citizens generally desiring a man of more culture and oratorical ability. There has been a bitter quarrel between Mr. Stokely and Mr. Mann, and of this the Reformers should take advantage. The principal opponent of Mr. Stokely for the Mayoralty is General Bingham. This gentleman is believed to be the choice of the leading Republican politicians, and if this be so, Mr. Stokely must yield in the end. His police can

arrest a man, but they cannot arrest a movement. General Bingham has an honorable military record; he was for five or six years the efficient and popular Postmaster of Philadelphia, and was recently elected the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, a more profitable, if not as influential an office. He is a fluent and eloquent speaker, and among the Republican leaders no more acceptable candidate could be obtained.

Mr. Walton is the present Recorder of Deeds. He has been a Republican politician for years, but this is the first office he ever held. He is not a candidate at present. It is said that he has more warm personal friends than any man in his party, and that he owed his election to the fact that many men who were opposed to his colleagues gave him their practical support. Among these was Alexander Henry, who is now generally thought of as the Reform candidate for Mayor, and who held that office before. Mr. Elliott was the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and is the present candidate for Sheriff. He prevented the defeat of the Registry Law last Winter, a reform urged almost to the point of success by Colonel McClure, and regarded as a special enemy by the Reform Party. Mr. Hill made an immense fortune as Collector of Delinquent Taxes, but has since been virtually dropped by the ring. He is at present a Commissioner to Vienna. Mr. Leeds is the Sheriff, and will doubtless be a candidate for another office when his term expires. The City Treasurer, Mr. Widener, for some time bore the brunt of the attacks of the Reformers, who compelled the adoption of several salutary changes in his office, the previous City Treasurer having been sent to the Penitentiary for speculating unfortunately with the people's money, and the administration is now believed to be improved. Of Messrs. Henzy, McCuen and Bunn, we publish sufficiently full biographies elsewhere.

That some of these gentlemen possess eminent abilities and excellent personal traits we suppose even their opponents will admit; but the Reformers oppose them because they believe that their combined influence is against the interests of the city. They have not seen economy practiced, public crimes punished, honest elections held, the debt reduced, under the present Republican rule; and the people demand a revolution. All officeholders are, of course, interested in the fee system, by which the Sheriff, for instance, makes from sixty to a hundred thousand dollars a year, while the Reformers would substitute for it fixed salaries of six or ten thousand dollars, and let the fees go into the Treasury, where they of right belong. These are some of the elements of the political struggle in Philadelphia this Fall, and in which the people everywhere cannot fail to be interested.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

THE Republican Party has usually in any election claimed the loyalty of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and Ohio. In the Presidential election of 1872 these States polled nearly one-fourth of the popular vote cast for both Greeley and Grant. Of the 366 electoral votes in the Union cast for President, and of the 304 given to Grant, these six States contributed 72.

In a Presidential election in which a united, well-organized party, loyally supporting its leader, could be in opposition to the Administration, the Republican Party by the strongest efforts could not secure a greater number of electoral votes than 183; or, as it appears from the calculation, just one-half the whole number. It is certain that 86 electoral votes would be given to the candidate who would receive the support of the people who now belong to the Democratic Party, and that no one could decide where the remaining 97 votes would be given. The advantage would still be in favor of the Republican Party, because, having a fair right to claim one-half the whole electoral vote, it would have a chance to obtain part of the 97 doubtful votes.

But it has happened this year that in the six States whose names we have given at the beginning of this article there has arisen a great, united party of Farmers, who are forming what are popularly known as Granges. These Farmers are so strong that they can decide an election in any or all of those States. They really hold, in those six States alone, 72 electoral votes; and because of this fact the Republican Party must consider those votes as among the doubtful ones. So that there would be in a general election 169 electoral votes which could not be predetermined to belong to any party. Thus we see that, counting all other Republican States as continuing to be Republican, there would be 111 electoral votes for that party, 86 for the party which contained the body of Democrats, and 169 would be doubtful. And we are counting, not all the Republican States in which Granges are organizing, but only the six in which they have been organized to a great extent.

It is simply stupid for the politicians to ignore this great social movement in the West. They must do something with it, or it will do something with them. They stand in the position of Noah's neighbors, who laughed when the first drops of the Deluge began to fall. The Granges will really determine the Presidency of 1876; perhaps they will determine

more than that. At all events it is certain that while the Farmers do not belong either to the Republican or to the Democratic Party, both those parties have virtually suspended their existence in six States.

AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

WITHOUT a strong element of humor a lasting literature is impossible. Very few authors have attained to greatness without it, for even if the faculty is not directly employed, its possession is necessary to prevent serious thought from becoming profoundly dull. It is invaluable not only for what it does, but for what it compels to be left undone. Wordsworth would have been a much greater poet had even a moderate sense of humor underlain his splendid imagination. But he was almost destitute of this sense, and therefore incapable of distinguishing solemnity from sublimity, and no doubt all his verse seemed of equal merit to him, while to us his grand thoughts often seem like mighty pyramids set in vast and dreary deserts. He would begin a beautiful sonnet with the apostrophe, "Oh! Smith!" unconscious that it would provoke a smile, for though it is true that Smith, considered abstractly and philosophically, is not at all more funny as a name than Apollo or Minerva, its associations make it amusing to us in a poetical introduction. "Alas! what boots—" is a line in the index to his poems. "What boots, indeed!" said Charles Lamb, writing to him; "you should have seen mine after climbing over your infernal hills." The humor Shakespeare possessed makes even his tragedy all the nobler; it is the magic wand which, when it touches false poetry, transforms it into its true shape. It is the sword of sharpness with which little Jack pierces the enormous giant of dullness.

American literature is rich in humor, and this is one reason for believing in the grandeur of its future. There has never been a deficiency of humorous authors, although very few of their productions have lived. There are a few classics, such as Washington Irving, Hawthorne, Holmes, Paulding, Saxe, Cooper, Willis, though in some of these humor was but secondary or incidental. We have had no one to approach Dickens, nor Hood, though Warner, the author of "Our Wedding Journey," is sometimes as delightful as "Elia." But it is not of these writers that we think when we speak of American humorists; many of them use English forms, and draw their inspiration from foreign springs. The distinguishing characteristic of American humor is extravagance, and the writers who have successfully worked this new field are a distinct and original class.

The first and one of the finest of the purely American humorists was Lieutenant Derby, better known as John Phoenix. His military duties called him to the frontier and to California in its early days, and he found a fresh field for his genius. He has written some of the funniest things in American literature, as, for instance, his plan for transforming the garrison of a fort into an army of besiegers, the account of his editorship of the San Diego Herald, and his numerical system of giving definite force to epithets, illustrated by the story of the young lady with the one hundred blue eyes and seventy-six coral teeth. His extravagance knew no bounds, and he revelled in everything that was irredeemably absurd. He dealt a little with politics, but all he cared for was fun. We believe that he had more genuine humor than any of his successors, and in this day his writings would have been a fortune to himself and his publisher.

All who followed Phoenix have imitated him. Artemus Ward continued his style, adding to it the admirable character of the old Wax Works Showman, and introducing bad spelling as an element of humor. It is unquestionably true that to spell incorrectly is the meanest way to be funny; but it must be admitted that Mr. Browne often made his orthography very effective. The Showman's stories would lose much of their interest if they were rightly spelt, and he had eminent authority in the outrageous orthography of Hood, and the inimitable "Jeames Plush" of Thackeray. Artemus Ward made more than one slang phrase popular, and his imitators still cling to "thusly" and "a sweet boon," as if they had not long ago ceased to be funny. He employed this extravagant humor in social satire, and in this differs from that other celebrated disciple of the Phoenix school, Mark Twain. This lively writer employs his fun in a practical way; his two volumes, "Roughing It" and "The Innocents Abroad," are really excellent books of travel, and contain much information. His fault is that he does not discriminate, and that it is sometimes difficult to tell his facts from his inventions; but his humor is genuine and hearty, and his description of the interview between a Nevada desperado and a clergyman, in reference to the funeral of another of the "boys" of early mining times, could not be surpassed. Like all men who produce much, Mr. Clemens has a certain mannerism which sometimes preserves the form of humor without its soul; but he rarely fails to entertain, and writes in a manly, independent way.

Petroleum V. Nasby is nothing if not a political humorist. He is more sarcastic and bitter than any of the writers we have mentioned, and did valuable service to his party

during Mr. Johnson's administration. He always appears to write with a political purpose, and for that reason Nasby, Bascom, and his other characters, have already become historical. He cannot use them now, for they could only live and move in times of intense partisan excitement. There is something serious and almost savage in his humor, as if he did not care for it for its own sake alone, but needed a purpose to inspire him.

These writers are all strictly American. They owe nothing to standard literature, though they borrow from each other. They could not exist in any other country, and each of them has a roughness and rudeness which may displease the fastidious literary student. They use slang, they emulate Munchausen in his impossibilities, they care little for style or art, they seldom have the delicacy of Cervantes, or Sterne, or Dickens, but they have made millions laugh, and are the pioneers of a new humorous literature. There are others of the same school: Orpheus C. Kerr, Docsticks, the Fat Contributor, the Danbury News Man, but these agreeable writers have not yet made for themselves national positions, as John Phoenix and his greater followers unquestionably have done. Their fields are more local, and their influence more limited. But they are all laying the foundations of a distinctively American literature, which is likely to be as original in humor and as perfect in art as anything which the Old World has given to mankind.

SOME LITTLE PRAISE.

"It would be impossible to find brighter illustrated journalism than is contained in FRANK LESLIE'S."—*True American*.

"BESIDE FRANK LESLIE'S, all other illustrated journals are weak and wearying. Here we have strong pictures set in brilliant frames, and hung in a soft, pure light; for 'pictures of gold' may appear to disadvantage unless their surroundings are in keeping. FRANK LESLIE'S is a newspaper in every sense of the word, and we sometimes think that no journal in New York, or anywhere, has more brilliant writing."—*Jersey City Herald*.

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OLD CONTINENTS.

THE circumstances which marked the passage of the uppermost Silurian rocks into Old Red Sandstone seem to have been the following:

First, a swallowing of the sea, followed by a gradual alteration in the physical geography of the district, so that the area became changed into a series of mingled fresh and brackish lagoons, which, finally, by continued terrestrial changes, were converted into a great fresh-water lake, or, if we take the whole of Great Britain and areas now sea-covered beyond, into a series of lakes. The occurrence of a few genera or even species of fish and Crustacea common to the salt, brackish, or fresh waters, does not prove that the passage-beds and those still higher are truly marine. At the present day animals commonly supposed to be essentially marine are occasionally found inhabiting fresh water. In the inland fresh lakes of Newfoundland, seals, which never visit the sea, are common and breed freely. The same is the case in Lake Baikal, 1,280 feet above the sea-level, in Central Asia; and though these facts bear but slightly on my present subject, seals being air-breathing Mammalia, yet in the broad mouth of the Amazon, far above the tidal influx of sea-water, marine mollusca and other kinds of life are found, and in some of the lakes in Sweden there are marine Crustacea. This may be easily accounted for in the same way that I now attempt to account for analogous peculiarities in the Old Red Sandstone. These Swedish lakes were submerged during the Glacial period, and remained as deep basins while the land was emerging, and after its final emergence the salt waters of the lakes freshened so slowly, that some of the creatures inhabiting them had time by degrees to adjust themselves to new and abnormal conditions.

In further illustration of the subject let us suppose a set of circumstances such as the following: By long-continued upheaval of the mouth of the Baltic (a process now going on,) its waters, already brackish in the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, would eventually become fresh, and true lacustrine strata over that area would succeed and blend into the marine and brackish water-beds of earlier date. Something of this kind I conceive to have marked the transition from the Upper Silurian beds into the Old Red Sandstone. Again, if by changes in the physical geography of the area, of a continental kind, a portion of the Silurian sea got isolated from the main ocean, more or less like the Caspian and Black Sea, then the ordinary marine conditions of the "passage-beds," accompanied by some of the life of the period, might be maintained for what, in common language, seems to us a long time. There is geological proof that the Black Sea was once united to the Caspian, the two forming one great brackish lake. Since they were disunited and the

Bosphorus opened, the Black Sea has, it may be inferred, been steadily freshening; and it is easy to conceive that by the receding of the Bosphorus (a comparatively small geographical change,) it might in the course of time again be converted into a fresh lake. At present a great body of salt water is constantly being poured out through the Bosphorus, and its place taken by the fresh waters of the Danube and other rivers, while owing to the ungenial quality of the freshening sea some of the Black Sea shells are strangely distorted, as was shown by Edward Forbes.

Or if we take the Caspian alone as an example, there we have a brackish inland sea which was once joined to the ocean, as proved by its molluscan fauna. Changes in physical geography have taken place of such a kind that the Caspian is now separated from the ocean, while its waters, gradually growing saltier by evaporation, are still inhabited by a poor and dwarfed marine molluscan fauna. If by increase of rainfall the Caspian became freshened, evaporation not being equal to the supply of water poured in by rivers, it would by-and-by, after reaching the point of overflow, be converted into a great fresh-water lake larger in extent than the whole area of Great Britain. Under these circumstances, in the Caspian area we should have a passage more or less gradual from marine to fresh-water conditions, such as I conceive to have marked the advent of the Old Red Sandstone.

THE PALM OIL TRADE.

PROPOS of the palm and its invaluable utility to the savage, we may give the reader a picture of the sort of business it is to collect palm-oil for the European market:

The palm-oil agents reside ever on board the receiving-hulks, from whence they enjoy the lovely view of a broad, muddy river, flowing silently and sluggishly along among slimy mangrove swamps, and of an expanse of country, the never-changing face of which, overhung with yellow mephitic vapor, is perfectly flat, level with the water, and covered with bush and vegetable deposits, which, decaying and festering in the damp, and swelling under the influence of a tropic sun, emit at night an intolerable miasma. So deadly is the climate, they dare seldom venture ashore, and the only excitement they ever experience is to watch for alligators floating lazily along the stream, to emulate with one another which shall first collect a cargo, to scrutinize the shore through their telescopes, and when a canoe is seen putting off to speculate whether it contains palm-oil—which drops in thus slowly by gallons and puncheons—each one, whether it is bound for his hulk or that of a rival, the anxious hope as it approaches, and the corresponding disappointment when it is seen dodging off to a neighbor's hulk. Or, when sociably inclined, the excitement consists in visiting each hulk at night, and instead of entering by the usual mode, to scramble in at the cabin-windows, and pulling the occupant from his berth, compel him, willing or unwilling, to produce strong water and make a night of it. Who can wonder that these wretched exiles, wearied with *ennui*, and depressed by their solitary existence and the influence of the horrid climate, should have recourse to artificial stimulants in order to support their spirits! And who does not marvel that men can be found who, even in the hope of acquiring a fortune in three years, if they live so long (but there's the rub,) will undertake such a business; for if they live through the term, which they seldom do, and though they return home with ample means, yet their broken health renders miserable the remainder of their existence. The chief enemies to trade are the slave-dealers, who pay for their miserable freight in hard cash, and as the chief men delight in doubloons, and little trouble is involved in seizing and selling their people, while much labor is required in the preparation of palm-oil, in payment for which they only obtain the less current stuffs, they uphold the slave trade, and the presence of the slave in the river is devoted to the unfortunate agents by the absence of their unusual excitement, the dearth of palm-oil laden canoes, and by the total cessation of traffic.

HERBERT SPENCER ON SOCIOLOGY.

FOR the effectual study of Sociology there needs a habit of thought generated by the studies of all these sciences; since, as already said, social phenomena involve phenomena of every order.

That there are necessities of relation such as those with which the abstract sciences deal, cannot be denied when it is seen that societies present facts of number and quantity. That the actions of men in society, in all their movements and productive processes, must conform to the laws of the physical forces, is also indisputable. And that everything thought and felt and done in the course of social life, is thought and felt and done in harmony with the laws of individual life, is also a truth—almost a truism, indeed; though one of which few seem conscious.

Culture of the sciences in general, then, is needful; and above all, culture of the Science of Life. This is more especially requisite, however, because the conceptions of continuity, complexity and contingency, of causation, as well as the conception of fructifying causation, are conceptions common to it and to the Science of Society. It affords a specially fit discipline, for the reason that it alone among the sciences produces familiarity with these cardinal ideas—presents the data for them in forms easily grasped, and so prepares the mind for recognizing the data for them in the Social Science, where they are less easily grasped, though no less constantly presented.

The supreme importance of this last kind of culture, however, is not to be adequately shown by this brief statement. For besides generating habits of thought appropriate to the study of the Social Science, it furnishes the mind with special conceptions which serve as keys to the Social Science. The Science of Life yields to the Science of Society, certain great generalizations without which there can be no Science of Society at all. Let us go on to observe the relations of the two.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE genius of Victor Hugo is wide and violent like a sea, and one hesitates upon the brink before venturing to plunge. But a timid approach—to dabble with the feet and duck the head, is to remain unacquainted with this poet. A certain self-abandonment is called for, and for a time the surrender of one's safe and deliberate footing. When you are fairly borne away by some moving mound of water, when you are tossed, and buffeted, and bewildered, when the foam flies over your head, when you glide from dark hollow to shining hillock of the sea, when your ears are filled with the sound and your eyes with the splendor and terror of ocean, then you begin to be aware of the sensation which Victor Hugo communicates. But this is not the whole. Presently your bewilderment increases. This flood—is it a flood of water or a torrent of light?—for objects and forces are changing their aspect and direction. Have you plunged downward, or soared up? Are you either in or on the earth? Have you been somehow drawn into the immense envelopment of a planet's belt or swift meteor? Where are the edges and limit of this envioning brightness and gloom? Yet all the while a sense of security remains, and of the near presence of our green, substantial earth; for songs of birds reach us, and the chiming of the carillons of old cities, and the cries of children at play. We drop from Saturn with his moons and rings, and find ourselves by the fireside, or stooping over a cradle.

Such is the first large and adequate sensation, unresolved by analysis.

But when one has rescued one's imagination from the obsession of Victor Hugo's genius, how is one compelled to regard the writer and his work? This vast and vague luminosity, with its sound and splendor, its gloom and terror, has it any inward unity?—has it any determined course? This cometary apparition, which throws out such stupendous jets, where lies its nucleus?—and is its orbit ascertainable? What is Victor Hugo? And the answer is—He is the imagination of France in the century of trouble which followed her great Revolution—an imagination powerful, ambitious, disordered—a light of the world, though a light as wild as that of volcanic flames blown upon by storm; and he is also the better heart of France, tender and fierce, framed for manifold joy and sorrow, rich in domestic feeling and rich in patriotism; heroic, yet not without a self-consciousness of heroism; that eager, self-betraying, intemperate heart, which alternates between a defiant willfulness and the tyranny of an idea or a passion. The history of this imagination and of this heart is the history of Victor Hugo.

Intellect, which in the highest poets co-operates with the affections and the imagination, in Victor Hugo is deficient. With him it is not ever energy of thought which demands a passionate expression in art. Of a progressive process of thinking he seems incapable. Such emotional logic as Mr. Browning brings vigorously into play, securing for the feelings as he advances each position which has been gained, is unknown to Victor Hugo. He is the seer, the dreamer, the prophet; not the athletic thinker or the patient inquirer for truth. The eternal problems, which loom darkly before the mind of man, are to be captured, he thinks, if at all, by prompt assault. For the needs of faith he finds it more important to reinforce the will than to illuminate the intellect; he is one of the violent who take the kingdom of God by force. "Naked I will advance even to the terrible tabernacle of the unknown, even to the threshold of the shadow and the void, wide gulfs which the livid pack of black lightnings guard; even to the visionary gates of the sacred heaven; and if you bellow, thunders! I will roar!"

QUALITY OF GREAT MEN.

YOU may find, it has been said, in reading the biography of any great man, that he was acquainted with some one who appeared at the time to be greater than himself. Either the great man was generous enough to clothe his friend with his own imagination; or the friend, though really admirable, was a failure through some incidental cause. It may be doubtful which is the commoner cause of the disappointments which are undoubtedly numerous. The original judgment is, of course, constantly erroneous. People are apt to form a very inaccurate estimate of the qualities which are really most conducive to success, and, especially in early life, to overvalue pure intellectual capacity as compared with the force necessary to set it in action. The path to such success as can be obtained in our school-days is free from many of the obstacles which overpower a man's energy in the rough uphill struggle of later life. Gray's contemporaries were right when they said that he was potentially a poet of a very high order. And yet the excessive delicacy of his temperament made him the least productive of all considerable poets; and, if it had been very slightly increased, might have entirely choked the productive impulse. He succeeded, and only just succeeded, in squeezing out a few lines which are amongst the most perfect in our literature. With his wide reading and exquisite taste, he might have produced other writings of permanent excellence. Enough was fortunately executed to give us some measure of his power; with a little less fastidiousness he might have produced far greater results; and with a little more, the spark which was so nearly quenched might have been altogether extinguished. A trifling excess, that is, in one of the ingredients in his composition might have reduced him to be mute and inglorious, though a considerable quantity was necessary to qualify him for poetical excellence. Few, if any, people can judge accurately on such delicate points of mental chemistry; and a slight error in their analysis may be fatal to the correctness of their judgment. A similar difficulty occurs in such a case as that of Coleridge. Who could have ventured to say with any decision whether his love for speculation would make him a great philosophical light, or cause him to degenerate into a mere intellectual voluptuary? The early friends who were dazzled by the extraordinary brilliance of his conversation would regard it as treacherous in any one to suggest that such

vigor of thought could be neutralized by a deficiency of volition. If men like Gray and Coleridge have so narrowly escaped shipwreck, it is impossible to say how many men of equal powers may have been entirely cast away; and therefore how frequently these early vaticinations may have missed fulfillment, not because they involved too high an estimate of these positive qualities, but because they failed to take into account the baneful but occult influence of counterbalancing defects. Such errors of the judgment are still less surprising when we remember how much depends upon circumstances which could not have been foreseen.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

MR. ADAMS'S professional experience has enabled him to put on record valuable details touching the influence of a sub-frigid climate like that of New Brunswick upon the European settlers at large as well as upon the troops under his medical charge. To one newly arriving from Northern Europe there is something, he remarks, disappointing in the aspect of the middle-aged of both sexes. Instead of burly, well-nourished farmers in a land where the materials of good living so abound, sallow, weather-beaten countenances, and spare, sinewy frames predominate among men of forty, while the pallid faces of the women indicate often ten years in advance of their real age. Important causes in connection with habits of life, food and climate are here at work. Close stoves, salted provisions, ill-baked bread, even if not aided by alcoholic excess, combine with the natural vicissitudes of extreme and suddenly changing temperature to undermine the stamina of life. The most trying times of the year are the thaws of Spring and the setting in of the cold months, at the rapid transit which passes for Autumn. Consumption and other pulmonary diseases are most fatal at midsummer, after the variable weather. In winter, pneumonia, the characteristic disease of the climate, is most prevalent.

The deterioration in physique so much remarked upon in the existing settlers is traced by our author in part to the fact that the first immigrants and reclaimers of the woods were an exceptionally hardy and vigorous race, their successors feeling less demand upon their bodily energies; and in part also to sameness of food and the listlessness induced by extremes of climate. Closeness of intermarriage, especially among the French settlers, has brought about the most frightful evils. Elephantiasis, or Greek leprosy, has become a settled plague among these poor creatures. In a valuable appendix Mr. Adams furnishes convincing proofs from the records of the lazaretto connecting this shocking malady with the consanguinity of the inmates.

FOOD EXPORTS AND WHERE THEY GO TO.

THE export of beef from the United States in the year 1872 approached 27,000,000 pounds; more than half this quantity was shipped for the United Kingdom, and more than 4,000,000 pounds of it went to her colonies. The export of pork exceeded 57,000,000 pounds; nearly 13,000,000 pounds being destined for the United Kingdom, and 25,000,000 for its colonies. The export of bacon and hams exceeded 246,000,000 pounds, of which the United Kingdom took 175,000,000 pounds. The export of lard reached nearly 200,000,000 pounds, nearly 79,000,000 pounds being sent to the United Kingdom. The export of butter approached 8,000,000 pounds, 3,500,000 pounds of which were shipped for the United Kingdom. The export of cheese exceeded 66,000,000 pounds, more than 56,000,000 pounds being sent to the United Kingdom. The total export in 1872 of these six articles exceeded 600,000,000 pounds, of which the United Kingdom took 345,000,000 pounds.

THE BALTIMORE FIRE.

BALTIMORE was visited on Friday, July 25th, with a fire that at one time threatened the destruction of the greater part of the city. The district burned comprises about ten acres, and is bounded by Saratoga, Lexington, Liberty and Howard Streets. The fire originated in the sash and door factory of Joseph Thomas & Son, in Clay Street, between Park and Howard, a large quantity of shavings having been ignited by a spark from the boiler-furnace. Attempts were at once made by the engineer to confine the fire to the heap of shavings, but a strong southeast wind was blowing, and the flames soon communicated with other inflammable parts of the building. Seeing that the factory-engine was unable to conquer the fire, a general alarm was given. A panic at once ensued among the workmen on the upper floors. The men rushed to the windows on the second and third floors and leaped to the sidewalk, several being considerably injured in the effort.

The firebrands were blown to the north, east, and west, and by ten o'clock, when the steamers reached the scene, eighteen buildings on Park, Clay and Saratoga Streets were in flames. Great difficulty was experienced by the firemen in fighting the flames by reason of the very narrow streets in that section. That part of Clay Street between Howard and Liberty was wrapped in a mantle of fire in a few moments, and then the flames broke out in Park Street, and swept from Lexington to Saratoga. While the firemen were endeavoring to check the flames at these points, a cloud of cinders settled upon the buildings on the north side of Saratoga Street and a wing of the University of Maryland, kindling another fire, but one square removed from the first. The University building was saved with the loss of a wing, but the houses surrounding it were quickly destroyed.

At twelve o'clock the entire Fire Department was out, but the flames appeared to baffle their efforts. Telegrams were forwarded to Washington and Wilmington for assistance, and in about an hour and a half several additional steamers were at work. On the southwest corner of Liberty and Saratoga Streets stood the Central Presbyterian Church. The tall, square tower caught, upon the northwest corner, but the firemen were unable to bring any stream of water to bear upon that elevated point. After smoldering for a half-hour, the flames burst out in several places on the roof, and through the long, narrow windows, and a moment later the entire structure was enveloped. The largest portion of the church furniture, carpets and pulpit

were removed while the fire was still confined to the tower. The organ cost \$2,500, and was nearly new. The church building was valued at \$70,000, and is insured in home companies for \$60,000. The firemen made every effort in their power to save the church, but owing to the intense heat of the other burning buildings nothing could be done.

The English Lutheran Church, on the north side of Lexington Street, was discovered to be on fire at noon. A strong westerly wind set in suddenly, and though every exertion was made to save the building, in less than twenty minutes the flames burst



out the doors and windows, and the firemen were obliged to retire, in consequence of the overpowering heat. The parsonage adjoining the church was also destroyed. The church and parsonage were valued at \$60,000. There was \$12,000 insurance on both buildings in the Howard and Baltimore Insurance Companies, of Baltimore.

St. Alphonsus' Church, the oldest Roman Catholic church in the city, situated on the corner of Park and Saratoga Streets, caught several times; its parishioners, as well as those of St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church, on Wolf and Lombard Streets, and of St. James' Church, on Eager and Aisquith Streets, hastened to the scene and used all efforts to save it. The Roman Catholic clergy were also present in large numbers, and assisted the priests of St. Alphonsus' in carrying away the vestments and the valuable articles upon the altars. These valuables were deposited in the Cathedral. One of the priests, Father Petri, of St. Alphonsus' Church, while carrying a number of vestments to the Cathedral, was sun-struck, but assistance was immediately called for, and he soon recovered. The men stationed upon the roof bravely kept their position from eleven in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon, until they were assured that the building was no longer in danger.

St. Alphonsus Orphan Asylum, just opposite the church, was totally burned. Everything was carried away to the Notre Dame, on Aisquith Street, where the Sisters in charge of the Asylum will temporarily reside. The school of St. Alphonsus, 102 Saratoga Street, was also destroyed, but is insured in the Equitable Fire Insurance Company.

The imposing Cathedral, on the north side of Mulberry Street, and opposite the University building, became an effective barrier to the progress of the flames in that direction.

The fire was practically checked about six o'clock, and the wind considerably subsided.

Early in the day General Carr, commander of the Second Brigade, M. N. G., issued an order to Colonel Peters of the Sixth Regiment to have his men in readiness to assist the Police Commissioners in protecting property. The regiment assembled promptly at the armory, but their services, fortunately, were not required.

The loss is set down by insurance men at about \$500,000. There appears to have been no loss of life. One hundred houses were burned, and sixty families rendered homeless. That section of the city was occupied mainly by cheap buildings, mostly tenements, factories and small stores.

(From the Jersey City Herald.)

DO NOT SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

(Written on hearing a pathetic ballad sung.)

Do not sing that song again,
For it fills the heart with pain;
I am bending to the blast,
And it tells me of the past,
Of the long, long ago,
When my days were young and fair,
And my heart as light as air—
When one feeling filled the breast,
And one image gave it rest,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again;
I have lived my years in vain,
And my hair is thin and gray,
And I'm passing fast away;
On the sweeping downward streams,
I'm a wreck of idle dreams;
And it puts me on the rack,
At the weary looking back,
At the ebb and at the flow,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again;
There's a tear in its refrain;
It brings sadly back the time
When my manhood felt its prime;
When the comrades, dear and true,
Warmer, closer, fonder grew
In the hour of friendship's proof,
When the false ones stood aloof,
And their friendship was but show,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
It distracts my weary brain.
Ah, too well, alas! I know
It is time for me to go,
And to leave to younger eyes
The mild mystery of the skies,
And the mighty world we tread,
And the grander age ahead.

There's a mist upon the river,
And there's bleakness on the shore;
And in dreams I pass for ever,
While sad music waits me o'er.

From F. McDermott.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 347.



AUSTRIA.—SCENE IN THE PRATER AT VIENNA.



DENMARK.—THE PROMENADE ON THE LONG LINE AT COPENHAGEN.



PERSIA DURING THE SHAH'S ABSENCE.—HIGHWAY ROBBERS AND MURDERERS AT SHIRAZ.



SPAIN.—SPANISH SMUGGLERS ANCHORED IN THE BIDASSOA.



OFFICE LIFE—OUR INFLUENTIAL FRIEND.



THE TELEGRAPH MESSENGER—WANTED, "G. W. P. JENKINS."



AT DOWN-TOWN DELMONICO'S—THE SUCCESSFUL MAN, THE SHREWD MAN, AND THE MAN WITH THE IRON LUNGS.

A HOT DAY IN WALL STREET.

THE thermometer was at ninety-six in the shade, and Drexel's great building on the corner of Broad and Wall Streets was glaring like a monster furnace of fire. Wall Street was not all out of town. To be sure, the ragged newsboy no longer cried his "extrer Noo-ese" or "extrer K-mer-shil" along the flagged pavement; he was seen, the live statue of a calm after a storm, hugging the shade, and patronizing a penny eggcupful of ice-cream. The flower-man was there in a corner; but he had come forth like a flower, and had been cut down. Jay Gould was not out of town; but small, dark, keen and sinister, in a black-and-white striped two-dollar coat, he sat squat in a chair behind one of "Down-town Delmonico's" bare tables, eating a breaded chop with sauce-piquante, *vis-à-vis* with his broker, the round, white-faced Charley Osborne, who was as cool as the ice-water beside him. But most of the brokers' offices were out of town. Clerks were gone; and the red-capped messenger sat on the stone steps outside, half glad that there were no messages to carry.

Our innocent artist walked gayly into an office, and asked for Mr. Blank. "Out of town." He entered the office of H. W. Gray & Avery, where Stockwell, of sewing-machine fame, a son-in-law of Howe, the inventor, once was king of Pacific Mail.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE—A BIG OFFER, BUT NOBODY ANXIOUS TO BUY.

A sad voice came from some sepulchral depth—"What is it?" What could an innocent artist say to that? He retreated to some other place for "points," and naturally entered the office of Frank Osgood & Co.

OUR INFLUENTIAL FRIEND.

At an office-table sat a man with a great black mustache, with his heels on the table, and with his hat on the back of his head, saying, positively, "She's a fast 'un!" In a corner of the room stood a group of other gentlemen, inspecting the model of a yacht. Then it dawned upon the mind of the innocent artist that Osgood is a famous yachtsman. Next, he wandered into the banking-house of Henry Clews, where the famous bald-headed eagle stood with his elbows on a mantle, talking quietly to an anxious-looking customer. But there were no "points" to be got there. At Delmonico's restaurant, Wall Street seemed to be in its chiefest element; for here was the haggard man who had made a "flyer" on Pacific Mail, and was "dead." There was the shrewd man, with gray side whiskers, and hard lines in his face, and a perpetual hard smile on his set lips. He never was taken in—not he. He smiled grimly at the pot-bellied old gentleman in white breeches and waistcoat, who wondered whether there was anything in Union Pacific. The

spruce "two-dollar man," who takes quiet commissions from great houses when they do not want to show the hand of their well-known operator, steps up to the bar for a Santa Cruz sour. Jay Gould may be the principal for whom this man is going now, fortified with his Santa Cruz sour, to scramble in the Stock Exchange for a few hundred shares of Northwest. Yet

cent artist momentarily expects them to knock him down and kill him. But they don't. They only grow mad, and red in the face, and snarl at him—poor fellow. But yonder is a poorer fellow still;



THE TELEGRAPH TAPE AT THE RESTAURANT—MOMENTS HOT AND ANXIOUS.

neither knows that he has any dealings with the other. Here an anxious man is examining the "tape," the telegraphic indicator of how stocks are selling. There, at his quiet lunch, is

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN,

who has nothing to fear, and whom this Babel in no wise disturbs.

Stepping into the visitors' gallery of the Stock Exchange, the innocent artist sees a hot-weather crowd of pushing, screaming, shrieking men, crowding one another, snapping their fingers into one another's faces, and scratching mysterious figures upon memorandum-paper.

One lively fellow, in a thin coat, is able to collect a vast crowd about him, and while he coolly announces that he will sell so many shares of stock for "five-eighths," meaning the price last mentioned on the black-board with "five-eighths" of

for, slap his hands as he does, and cry out his terms of purchase or sale as he does, no one goes near him. In that Babel of maddening noises and maddened man he is only a solitary Robinson Crusoe, and might as well be out of town.

While the crowd is pushing and shrieking, a messenger rushes about from group to group, calling in stentorian tones for—"G. W. P. Jenkins!"

But G. W. P. J. is nowhere to be found.

It is a hot day in Wall Street; and Gelston, the soda-water man, knows it. The fountain is bubbling there all the day long. And yet the drops of soda-water do not seem to allay the thirst of Dives, or even of Lazarus, who sits, with his cap for a stray penny, at the door.



THE RESTAURANT—CONFIDENCE OVER A BOTTLE.

Wall Street, says Fowler, viewed as an aggregation of trading humanity, may be divided into two great classes. First, the speculators, or, as they are pleased to term themselves,

operators, who buy or sell stocks at their own risk of loss or expectation of profit. Second, the brokers, who buy and sell for others in consideration of a fixed commission. All those who deal in the street may be said to belong to the first class; for there is hardly one of the brokers who does not speculate, directly or indirectly, but there are many of the speculators who, themselves, never buy or sell, but employ the brokers to do it for them. A broker is almost necessarily a speculator, but a speculator is not necessarily a broker. We shall at present describe only the speculators, reserving the brokers for a separate chapter.

A speculator is called a "bull" or a "bear," according to his interest in the market. A bull buys stock for a rise, and the term may be derived from his likeness to the animal of the bovine genus who tosses upward with his horns. He is said to be "long" of stocks, because he is presumed to always hold his stock ready for their delivery on sale.

A "bear" is one who sells stocks for future delivery which he does not own at the time of sale; in other words, he contracts to deliver stocks at a fixed price and within a fixed time. If stocks should fall during the continuance of the contract, he buys them in the market at the reduced prices, and delivers them to the party to whom he agreed



THE STOCK EXCHANGE—"NOR'WEST"—EVERYBODY ANXIOUS TO BUY.

to sell them at the contract price. The difference between the two prices is his profit. To illustrate this operation, suppose A agree to sell to B one hundred shares of New York Central at 180, deliverable at any time at the option of A within thirty days. A not having the one hundred shares at the time the contract is made. If the price of stock falls to 170, A buys it at that price in the open market, and delivers it to B, who pays him 180, the contract price, at a profit to A of 10 per cent. on the shares, i. e., \$1,000. But if the price rises to 190, and A is obliged to complete his contract, he buys it at that figure and delivers it to B, who pays him 180, entailing in this manner a loss of \$1,000 on A. The name "bear" is said to have been first given, at the time of the South Sea Bubble, to such persons as were operating to depress stocks, because they were acting the part of a man who would kill a bear for the sake of his skin. As a bull is said to be "long" of stocks, so a bear is said to be "short" of stocks, just as a person who has no money is said to be "short of funds." The bear has no stock when he offers to sell, but merely contracts to deliver what he does not possess, and is, of course, interested in depressing the market, so that he may fill his contracts at lower prices, just as the bull is interested in raising stocks, so that he may profit by the increased market value of the stocks which he holds.



THE COOL SPECULATOR.



THE SMALL SPECULATOR.



FROM OUT WEST, WE THINK.



MOSES LEVY'S CONFIDENTIAL CLERK

Wall Street operators commence their career as bulls, and finish it as bears. This is a general rule, to which, of course, there are many exceptions. When a man enters the stock-market, he almost invariably operates for a rise. But when he sees how long it takes for stocks to go up, and how swiftly they sometimes fall, and moreover, when in one of those falls he finds all the profits of months previous swept away in a day, he naturally reasons that if, instead of operating for a rise, he had waited and sold short, or operated for a fall, he would have acquired wealth with a haste commensurate with his desires. Besides this, he sees that interest always runs in favor of the bear, while it forms one of the heaviest items in the bull's account, for it will not have been forgotten that the buyer pays and the seller receives interest on all stock contracts. It is easier for a broker to sell stocks short than to carry them, and so he is prone to operate on the bear side, and is apt to encourage his customer to act on that side.

The story of the whole shifting tribe of operators is little else than a dreary catalogue of losses—losses, not of money alone, but of health, character, heart and life. Men come into Wall Street with fortune, credit, reputation, hope, strength unbruised, confidence in their fellow-men unshaken; they leave it without money, credit, or reputation; with shattered nerves, a blunted sensibility, a conscience seared, a faith in mankind destroyed, and hopes crushed by a Giant Despair. They lose everywhere, buying stocks, selling stocks; by failures of their brokers, by frauds of their contractors, by panics, by corners, by tricks and stratagems of the market. They use their reason, their reason fails them and they lose. Then they abandon reason, and trusting to luck, plunge blindly into the vortex which swallows them up speedily and beyond rescue. If they emerge at last, it is to wander on with little relish or power for active, honest toil, and haunted still by the phantoms of their old life.

As for that constant class of operators who, having once entered the stock-market, pursue fortune there till death, they may be subdivided into two classes representing the different extremes—the one of penury, the other enormous wealth. The former crowds the market daily with the haggard faces of men lost beyond remedy. A melancholy spectacle! They stand watching for something which never comes, still hoping for ever against hope.

But are the great and wealthy operators more happy? They have, by the brute force of their millions, or by legalized fraud, won fortune from the ruin of thousands. They are looked upon with fear and hatred. Sons of Ishmael, their hands are against every man's hand, and every man's hand is against theirs. If they fall, they fall never to rise again.

MISS EUNICE DONNE.

BY
JAMES REYNOLDS.

"I inclined to exult, Fred, over a fallen foe, you have the opportunity. Your old flame, Miss Donne, is not less beautiful than when, in a pet, I suppose, you expatriated yourself by running off to Europe, two years ago, and all because a self-possessed lady declined accepting you as her partner in a waltz, or something quite as important. But Miss Donne is even more beautiful than she was twenty-four months ago, and, shall I say it, poorer than a professional beggar!"

These words were laughingly spoken to Frederick Martial by his old chum and schoolmate, Charles Bock, Esquire, a gentleman who, though in a pecuniary sense quite independent of the world, was of too active a temperament to decline entering upon the battle of life; and who, though scarcely turned thirty, was at the head of a large mercantile establishment that employed many clerks to conduct its diversified lines of trade.

"Surely, Charley, I have no desire to exult in the misfortunes of any one," replied Martial, gravely, and with a touch of sadness in his voice; "and I would be more than brute if I allowed, even for a moment, one thought that was not prompted by the highest respect for the lady of whom you speak."

"I believe you," returned his friend, his face sobering a little, a dash of sentiment for the nonce filling and expounding the dark pupils of his eyes. "To be plain with you, my dear boy, every one thought, who knew you and Miss Donne, when you took your handsome face and elegant person across the 'Mill Pond,' that with your baggage was a pair of those traditional mittens young ladies are supposed to have bestowed on them by fairy godmothers."

The face of Frederick Martial, a manly one—handsome and as expressive as one could read in a day, even in Broadway, or that most fashionable of promenades, the Fifth Avenue—colored deeply. In fact, he blushed as undisguisedly as any young woman upon her first coming out.

"Well—well. Never mind, my dear boy," resumed his friend, as he remarked the flush—"never mind. If it pains you so very much, I will not say another word about the young lady—about Miss Donne. There!"

"It does pain me, Charley—that is, in a sense, any allusion to her," rejoined Martial, as he swept back, with a quick movement of his gloved right hand, the dark-brown curls that clustered thickly over his broad and high forehead. "It saddens me to be told that Eunice Donne is poor. But hers is a brave soul. It is very true that I offered her my hand; and it is equally true that she declined it. When I asked her to be my wife—to unite her destinies with mine—I was persuaded she cared for me more than for any other gentleman of her circle—of her acquaintance."

"Ha, ha! Fred," laughed Bock, "I perceive that your experience of the world, taken by easy stages, has not wholly cured you of your vanity."

"I speak that of which I am persuaded," returned Martial, steadily. "She refused to consider my offer. Why? And yet she continues unmarried!"

"Yes, she certainly is unincumbered by a husband," replied Bock; "and, judging from her reticence and her independence of character, lovable as she really is, she means, in that blissful condition of existence, to continue in the even tenor of her way. She has had a desk in our private office—our most favored and faithful clerk, holding the position of confidential amanuensis, since within a month of her father's death. That is, she has been Miss Donne, writer, in the employ of Bock, Carter & Co., upward of a year!"

"And you never dropped a word to me about the changed condition of the poor lady, or even of her father's demise?" said Martial, reproachfully.

"I acted entirely under instructions, Fred."

"Under instructions?" repeated Martial, in a tone of surprise. "I do not understand you!"

"Easily explained," said Bock. "The embargo on silence is taken off. Your arrival has absolved me from further secrecy. That charming little woman, known to the world now as Margaret Bock, who has set up undisputed proprietorship

in the very humble individual who addresses you—that charming woman, I repeat, has, metaphorically speaking, a very long head, and she it was who instructed me, under pain of her lasting displeasure, not to say one word to you about Eunice Donne. She quietly hinted that she was fully persuaded her particular friend Miss Donne was, although no one ever heard even a word to that effect, secretly pining for some one we all very well knew."

"But you know, Charley," said that estimable director of the dwelling of the senior of this firm, "Eunice is proud; and she will never marry any one richer than herself, however much she may love him. So don't you write a word about her father's money losses, or (subsequently) of his death."

"Of course I dutifully did as I was bidden, my boy, and withheld information that, after all, could have been of no possible service to you."

"How do you know that?" asked Martial, somewhat excitedly.

"Because it would have for ever spoiled your chances of winning the fair girl to yourself. That it would, Fred. Miss Donne has one serious fault, Martial—she is too independent; and yet I like her for it. Her independence of character does not in any sense make her unwomanly. She is not demonstrative by any means; but she has a reserved, lady-like, quietly-determined way with her that, while it charms every one brought into contact with, at the same time makes them earnestly respect her. Why, Fred, there is not a man from the cashier down, attached to the house of Bock, Carter & Co., who is not head over heels in love with Eunice Donne; and yet not one of them—not for a year's salary—dare say as much to her!"

"Then my possibilities, Charley, are few," said Martial, in a low, mournful voice. "I thought, on my return, I would have found her the star of society, and that she would not be distant in her manner towards me. It is strange I never saw the announcement of her father's death in the papers. I suppose that happened while I was up in the snows of Northern Russia. There were three months in which I never looked at the face of a newspaper." "I don't know about the 'possibilities,' Fred," replied Bock, ignoring the rest of his friend's speech, "but I do think it likely that, if you were to offer your hand to-day as the wealthy Frederick Martial, she would refuse you, even if her heart gave way to its suppressed affections the next moment. My friend, women are, mentally speaking, wonderfully made; and, in my opinion, Eunice Donne is a paradox of pride and meekness—rather, I should say, a paradox among them. Fred, Mrs. Bock—estimable creature—is right. The man who is to be the future husband of the proud Miss Donne must start fair with her in the race of life."

Frederick groaned as he heard and realized the truth of these words.

"I'll tell you what I'd do, Fred. I would secure the greater happiness by sacrificing the lesser."

"What would you advise?" eagerly demanded the unfortunate lover, as he looked appealingly into the face of his friend.

"Her father was worth a quarter of a million," said the merchant, very slowly. He was anxious to double his capital, and so, in an unlucky hour, he blundered into Wall Street. Like a lamb he was led to Mammon's altar by the high priests of the Stock Board, and sacrificed. To be plain of speech, he left the mart of the money-changers a thoroughly plucked duck. When his creditors had taken his last dollar from him, and turned even his poor child out of the house in which she had been born, and in which she grew to woman's estate, with all its old memories tugging at her heart, he, the dotard, swallowed a dose of something—the coroner whispered prussic acid—and left her to fight as best she could her altered fortune. Her spirits rose; Eunice was equal to the occasion. Instead of sitting down and bemoaning her loss, and asking pity of the pseudo-friends who had partaken of the hospitalities of her house, she quietly put society aside, and sought out something to do. Now, Fred, I don't want you to imagine for one moment that the 'world' turned its back on Miss Donne because her father, operating in Erie, was not sharp enough for the sharpers of the street. Quite the contrary. Her real friends came forward with a hearty good-will, and proffered to do anything that was in their power for her. She thanked them sincerely, but resolutely declined every offer. She was healthy, strong, well-educated, and she thought she could make herself of some use in the world of fact, caring little for that of fancy. Well, the darling who owns your humble servant said to me at breakfast one morning:

"Charley, have you such a thing as a spare clerkship in your house—one that would be secluded, quite so, and wherein plenty of writing might be had?"

"I looked at Mrs. Bock in a stupid sort of way, I'll be bound. I knew I pondered much before I answered the strange question. Seeing I was dazed, she said, pointedly:

"Dear me, Charley, how difficult it is to make you understand things of late! It's Eunice Donne I mean!"

"Oh, that's it, my dear! ah, now I comprehend," as, like a flash of lightning across the horizon, then to the zenith, in a storm, appearing and disappearing before you are well aware of its presence, the thought came that I was to make a place for Eunice. Well, I did find just the desk, and I assure you, my boy, I don't want a better confidential clerk in my business. Why, her perspicacity is immense, and her industry, that's untiring. There!"

"Then you'd advise me to go into Wall Street and offer myself to be plucked of the honest thousands my father as a dealer in slaughtered but uncut hogs gathered for me—his only son," said Frederick Martial, half seriously, when Bock had finished his history of Eunice Donne's admirable career since the loss of her father and fortune. "I will say that to obtain the hand of Eunice I would consider as nothing the sacrifice of all I possess. But will the dissipation of my wealth assure me of success? Bock, I love Eunice Donne deeply, truly, honorably as man ever loved woman, but I will not play *Don Quixote* out of mere foolhardiness. Show me an honest way to win her to my side for ever, and believe me, Charley, I shall not stop to calculate the cost."

"Bravely spoken, my friend," cried Bock. "Well, there is a way by which, with a little pardonable chicanery, you may attain your end. In love, as in war, tergiversation is, at times, considered pardonable. How would you like the position of clerk in the private office of Bock, Carter & Co? There is really such a place open, at a salary of two thousand dollars. Fred, accept it. If you do not, I shall have to place some other person, less agreeable perhaps to Miss Donne, at the desk that is nearest the one at which she works. What say you?"

Frederick Martial could not find words to answer his friend. His fine face glowed with unmistakable joy; and to Bock there seemed, glittering like a diamond, a tear in the eye that was nearest to him of the half-averted face, while he felt a warm pressure of the hand that was clasped by the delighted, now, and but a moment before, half-despairing lover.

"Charley," whispered Martial, after a pause of

two or three minutes, "I do not know how to thank you. I am the happiest dog in New York now—that is—is it?"

"Oh, I understand you, Fred," laughed his friend, as he interrupted him. "Cutting short blunders of speech, I understand you perfectly. Shall I remind you of the old law about stout hearts winking fair women? No, that is not necessary."

"Never mind the salary, Charley. I don't want that," said Fred.

"Don't, eh?" retorted his friend. "Remember you are no longer rich. Like other poor devils, you are necessitated to work and live on that which, like an honest man, you earn."

"But, Charley—"

"But me no buts, sir," replied Bock, in a tone of mock authority. "I shall expect you at your desk to-morrow, like any other of my employees. In the meantime, you may accept the honor of being seated at the mahogany of your principal for one meal at least. And mind you, when you get the harness on, you must work. Put your private fortune, if you will, out to nurse. Forget that you have one. Miss Donne's eyes are sharp and her ears quick, and should she ever have cause to suspect you, or that I have been playing a part, I should find her place vacant for ever."

"Charley, my dear, good old chum," cried Fred Martial, "how can I ever repay you for this kindness?"

"How?" replied Bock. "Why, by winning and gently wearing for aye my wife's friend, Eunice Donne. Now, old fellow, I say, you put your fortune out of sight, for, before noon to-morrow, not a human being in New York who ever heard of or saw the handsome Frederick Martial but will know and secretly exult thereat that the said Frederick Martial left his money in the gambling saloons of Baden and other celebrated places in Europe, and that he has been necessitated to accept a clerkship in the house of Bock, Carter & Co. There!"

The "world" of New York did learn within twenty-four hours of Martial's return from Europe, of the losses he had sustained, and of his taking a two-thousand dollar clerkship in the house of Bock, Carter & Co. Of course, everybody "humanely" rejoiced except Eunice Donne, whose heart bled for Martial because of his altered position. Sooth to say, she made not the slightest objection to his presence in the office and close proximity to her own desk. And she treated him in a cold but courteous manner. When he was introduced as a future associate in business her beautiful face and neck and shoulders flushed, and Bock—Martial was too confused to notice anything—saw that, while a sweet light for a moment filled her eyes, her lips trembled. It was but for a moment that she exhibited this weakness—the next she was herself. And she received the man she tenderly loved as formally as if until that moment she had never known of him.

As for Frederick, he kept up his character well. In the presence of the employees of the firm he was treated precisely as they were, and received his stipend every month as did Miss Donne. He was a model clerk—punctual to the moment in everything. He soon won even the confidence of his associates; and not unfrequently—that is, at the end of three months' attention to work—would receive a pleasant but reserved smile from the woman whose hand as well as heart he was now wholly resolved should be his.

It was slow, very slow work for Martial. He rarely went into society. His assumed poverty prevented him from appearing as a frequent guest in reserved circles. And herein was the difference between Miss Donne and her admirer. Her friends would insist, particularly Miss Bock, on her appearing where she had a natural right to be; but she would have been better pleased, now that Martial was poor and her fellow-clerk, to have remained in seclusion. She would, on such occasions, remember that he was wandering about alone, unnoticed, uncared for, and her heart, that so loved him, was more than distressed at his unfortunate estate.

"Poor Mr. Martial," she would muse, "what right have I to be among these butterflies in these gilded saloons, and he wandering up and down the streets, or sitting in some out-of-the-way chamber alone, no one near to cheer him or share in his thoughts. Poor Mr. Martial! They say he lost all his money gambling. Well, he is no worse for that than was my poor father. And—perhaps I was the cause of—of dear Frederick's misfortunes. Had I accepted him, and not have believed the stories of that traitress, Lucy Jones, who wished to win him to herself, oh! how very happy I would have been! But he does not care for me now. He thinks, perhaps, because he is poor, that I am without affection for him. Ah! did he but know! Why, I would not have him, though my heart should break for ever, if he were to come to me rich, and ask me to be his wife. No, I will not sell my soul for money! Had I been so mercenary, I need never have toiled as a clerk in the house of my friend—for charity I would not."

This soliloquy of Miss Donne was made at a brilliant private reunion some six months subsequent to the engagement by the house of Bock, Carter & Co. of Frederick Martial as one of its trusted clerks; and it was noticed after that night by Mr. Bock (who had become deeply interested in the game of love that was being played, unconsciously by one of the parties to it, beneath his eyes,) that Miss Donne was kinder, more affable in her manner toward her sometime lover—she did not believe he cared for her now—than ever before.

It is hardly necessary to say that as the days and weeks passed away the ice that had enveloped Miss Donne melted and melted, until there was not a particle of it left.

Indeed, she even went so far as to be present, accompanied by Martial, at the afternoon concerts at Central Park; and, under his protection, did not decline invitations to musical reunions, or to matinees or evening performances at Booth's or Wallack's or the Academy of Music, when histrionic and songsters of confessed merit were announced.

One pleasant evening, Eunice quietly seated herself in the conservatory of her friend, Miss Bock. She had selected a retired spot, amid a cluster of exotics, wherein to meditate, and, as it happened, without being aware of his presence, within a few paces of where Frederick Martial was standing, thinking, as lovers will, of the charms of his mistress. While thus placed, forgetful of the situation and all unconscious of interested eavesdropping, Miss Donne gave voice to the thoughts that were uppermost in her mind. These ravished her auditor. He was on the point of discovering and then of rushing forward and throwing himself at the feet of his idol, when it fortunately came to him that "discretion was the better part of valor," and that in him it would be wisdom to curb impatience and ask for love, consequently life, when the glorious gift could not be refused.

Towards the close of the following day, and in the office in which they worked, an opportunity for a declaration on Frederick Martial's part presented itself.

"Now or never," murmured the ardent lover, as

he glanced, with a quick eye, over the spacious counting-room, and saw, save Eunice's and his own, the desks tenanted. "Was ever anything more fortunate?" he whispered, but in a tone so low that Eunice did not hear him. "I will speak to her—ask her for her hand and heart. Ah! should she again reject me. Heaven! I believe I would repeat her father's folly—and then—" Martial drew long breath—"and then—forgetfulness."

He turned from his ledger toward Eunice, who was far from being preoccupied.

"She is dreaming," thought the handsome lover; "and after last night, perhaps, of me."

Miss Donne mechanically turned the page of a business letter she was preparing, and, placing the pen in the inkstand, held it there for a full minute; then relaxing her hold upon it, quietly folded her hands upon her lap, sank back in her chair, and gazed fixedly upon the opposite wall, which was as blank as the unwritten page before her.

Frederick rose softly from his seat, and, advancing a step—a step that brought him to her side, and a hand upon the back of her chair, in a low, suppressed voice murmured:

"Eunice! Miss Donne!"

The dreamer awoke. Her reverie was broken into. With a face that flushed, and with eyes that filled with a soft, bewildering light, she slowly rose to her feet and stood before the man—the only man in all the world who dared speak to her as she would have him.

He took one of her small hands in his own, and said, hurriedly:

"Eunice—Miss Donne—once I asked you to be mine, and you rejected me. Perhaps, I deserved that my suit should not be favored. But, Eunice—may I call you by that name—I loved then not less passionately than I do now. Three short years ago and how differently circumstanced were we. When you told me I were as nothing to you save in the way of friendship, I left you—expiated myself. I went to Europe, and, doubtless, Rumor has magnified much that befell me there. I returned to find you what I am to-day, a salaried clerk in the house of my earliest friend. The rest you know. I will not recall the sad past. To the future I now look with more than an ambitious man's anxiety. Eunice," he continued, in a lower and more solemn tone, as unresistingly he drew the brave and beautiful girl to his side, "do you now reject me—turn away from me? I—I—ah, shall in words tell you that you long ago won my heart, and that I in turn—"

"Frederick," interrupted Eunice, in a soft voice, her beautiful eyes filling with tears. "Frederick, I would bury, like you, the past, and look with hope to a sweeter, happier future. I will no longer cheat you or myself, Frederick—we are poor, depending upon our salaries—and and it is unwomanly in me to say that—that I loved you even when I rejected you."

"Eunice! Eunice! God bless you for these words. I am a man again."

And as he spoke, the strong-minded and beautiful and altogether womanly woman buried her face in the bosom of the man she loved—the hero she idolized.

Then, after a long and blissful pause to both, Frederick Martial said:

"My darling one, from this day forth, together and united in spirit, we shall cheerfully march up and down the highways and byways of life's experiences—and, should poverty or riches come to us, we will meet our fortune courageously. Of our unmeasured wealth of love for each other—tried and true—no one, save God, may deprive us. Kiss me, my Eunice, and let it be as a pledge, whether in the present or the future, whatever happens, in heart and soul, we shall be as one each to the other. We loved for many a day, but foolish pride has divided us. Let us now and for ever throw this folly of jealousy to the winds. We are poor now, my darling. But who knoweth that by the morrow we may be rich in the goods of this world? If ours honestly, let us rejoice in them. But should they come to us through error or wrong, let us bravely deny ourselves of them—for, have we not, in this great house proved, each to the other, that in the day of adversity we are sufficient unto ourselves? Again I ask you to kiss me."

Eunice, the soft, dreamy light yet in her large, eloquent eyes, and her fine face rosy with the love that made the blood leap in her heart with a joy that was unspeakable, stood modestly before the man she idolized, did as she was bidden—solemnly, fervently kissed him—and then slowly, reverently falling upon her knees, thanked God—thanked the Father of the Deserving, of the Stricken and of the Orphan, that the cloud had been lifted from her heart; that again with the sweet calm came upon her that balm of holy love for which she had so long and with all maidenly reservedness so fondly prayed.

No matter as to the after-wealth of Frederick and Eunice Martial. It came to Eunice by no subterfuge. Her and her husband's friends, Charles Bock and his noble, generous-hearted Margaret, saw to it that in the game which Frederick was compelled to play for his sweet wife's love, if falsehood was chargeable to any one, it would not be laid at the door of the man who became a drudge that he might be a husband.

RELIGION IN THE SOUTH.

A NEGRO REVIVAL IN VIRGINIA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THERE is nothing which displays the superstition of the negro more strikingly than a religious revival. These dark children of the Sun, offspring of a tropical clime, where the transition from day to night is so sudden, possess, in common with all the human family, that surest proof of an immortality, a yearning for the higher life, a longing for union with the Great Creator. This innate instinct of true religion shows itself even when surrounded by darkness and ignorance of the vilest type. It is this which induces the Stylites to endure a living death while their limbs stiffen in unnatural positions; it is this which nerves the Indian mother's arm as she sacrifices her child to the river-god of the Ganges, and sustains the exhausted Mohammedan on his dreary pilgrimage to Mecca. To attain holiness, and thereby draw nearer to God, men, women and children have suffered agonies of mind and body which words cannot describe. Let us see what the negroes undergo in their efforts to "get religion."

In some of the far Southern States, and also in North Carolina since the war, the freedmen have shown a decided tendency to return to the barbarous rites and customs of their African ancestors, making night hideous with their yells as they dance around their altars of fire; but in Virginia, where they have never entirely cut themselves off from the influence of the white population around them, their revivals are as they were formerly, only with a deeper vein of superstition running through them.

To the mistress of a household these times of intense excitement are very trying; each servant who begins "seeking," as they call it, assumes at once an air of abject wretchedness; a smile never parts the lips, and the song which once issued so

constantly and joyously from them while their owner worked in the sunshine is heard no more; occasionally, perhaps, a dirge-like chant, half whispered, takes the place of the song. With bent head and listless step, the seeker moves slowly about, never speaking unless compelled to do so, and then as laconically as possible. This dejection and melancholy is not a mere transitory thing, but lasts for days, weeks or months, according to the temperament of the person. Those who can readily work themselves up to the proper pitch of delirium in which visions pass before their dilated eyes, telling of safety and peace purchased by fast, vigil and physical pain, "get through" quickly; while others lose mind and life from the long protracted mental torture. Children have been known to become so excited that they would be borne homeward from prayer-meetings in strong convulsions.

The most trying part of the prescribed discipline upon such occasions is the lonely vigil in the forest or field, with only the blue arch of heaven as a protection against danger. The negro is naturally timid; he hates cold and darkness and silence, and dreads being alone, shut out from the crowded cabin, where, he firmly believes that, night or day, the "more the merrier." He will sleep on a blanket by the fire in the room occupied by his father, mother and half a dozen children, rather than take possession of the empty loft five or six feet above his relations. Imagine, then, the terror of a young girl deeply impressed with her imminent danger of falling into the hands of the evil one, wandering off at midnight from the heated meeting-house, where the shouts of the newly converted have deafened her, to the shadow of the dense forest which from childhood she has been taught to believe is peopled with ghosts. She knows that there Uncle Abram was fascinated and led miles and miles away from home by a "jack-o'-lantern," and she has heard "mammy" often tell how she met the spirit of her dead grandmother there once just before they "closed her grave." (A grave is considered open until the funeral sermon of the departed has been preached and the funeral cake eaten.) The poor girl shudders as the wind sighs like a moaning, living creature in the tops of the pines, and sinks almost fainting on the ground as the breeze makes the cedar branches brush her cheek. The moon, too, conspires against her, and shines faintly on an aspen close by, making its smooth white bark gleam like a pillar of unearthly fire. She would turn and run, but her shaking knees refuse to carry her, and if she go she may lose her last chance of eternal salvation; and so she buries her face in her apron, to shut out fearful sights and sounds, and lies prostrate upon the ground, praying with all her heart and soul, while the bitter tears stream from her eyes, for some blessed vision which shall assure her that she is one of the elect. She prays until exhaustion brings temporary unconsciousness—then waking to a sense of her horrible position, chilled by the dew, and stiff in every limb from her prostration, she fancies she sees evil spirits around her trying to drag her down to their dismal abode. Daylight is breaking; and, with a shriek, she rushes homeward.

This is the last stage of the disease, for a disease it is, as fearful as insanity, and sometimes resulting in it, as in the case I am about to relate; but generally, if the friends of the penitent find that the terrors of the vigil have been unusually intense, they assure her that peace will soon reward her for all she has endured. In the warm sunshine of the noontide she returns to the scene of the previous night's horrors, and again prostrates herself upon the ground, but with vastly different sensations. The heated pine boughs fill the air with pleasant, spicy odors; the white bark of the aspen, so ghostly in the moonlight, looks silvery and fair amidst the dingy coatings of the pines, and the rustling of the leaves makes soothing music now. Closing her eyes, and by an effort of the will summoning all of the powers of imagination to her aid, she is soon able to conjure up a vision of angels instead of demons, and one like unto the blessed Saviour himself whispers, "The victory is won; that which thou hast suffered is enough—go in peace! Thy sins are forgiven." The Bible words, "sin no more," seem never to be heard by this ignorant people. They believe "once in grace, always in grace," and the very fact of their conversion is, to too many, the license for evil practices of every kind; because, as they affirm, it is no longer they who sin, but it is the evil spirit who sinneth in them, for whose deeds they are not responsible.

After a fervent, heartfelt thanksgiving, the girl who has thus "come through" returns homeward, singing in a kind of Gregorian chant as she relates her experience. It generally begins with some such words as these: "I've found de Lord! I've found de Lord! He come to me in de dark woods when de Devil was a-fightin' for my soul, and He said to me, Peace, peace! Marthy, your name is written in heaven!" This is but the beginning of a story which is improved upon as often as repeated, by one who is really in a state of delirium, and is finally recited with all its additions to the preacher and elders who examine the candidates for immersion. Here the negroes are all Baptists. The moment the "seeker" appears with a smile on her face, chanting a monotonous refrain, all of her friends know that she is converted; they rush to meet her; with tears of joy, they embrace her, and as she chants her victory, at each sentence they exclaim, "Yes, child; yes, I know jes' how 'twas with me! I know you done see de angels. De Lord be praised!"

This is the happy ending of "seeking." There is another, to which I have already alluded. In the last revival in our county the excitement was more intense, more widely spread than we had ever known it, and the discipline enforced was more severe. Men, women and children all around us were in a state of melancholy most distressing to behold; for at least six months many were struggling to obtain an experience which would suffice to prove their conversion, most of them successfully, but some of them at last, through physical exhaustion, were forced to abandon the care of their souls in the effort to rekindle the flame of life, burning low and feebly in weak, wasted bodies. All of these long months there were nightly prayer-meetings, kept up often until after midnight, and regularly attended by all the negroes around, even those who were several miles distant from the place of meeting.

As we were about to retire, late one night (I remember it well!) we were startled by the most awful shrieks, again and again repeated. They came from the woods, about half a mile from the house, and our first idea was that there was a murder taking place on our premises. We listened tremblingly for a few moments, wondering what we should do, when suddenly one of the ladies exclaimed, "The servants are all at Aunt Julia's to-night—it is only some one who's 'happy' whom we hear screaming." This relieved our minds. The sounds came from the direction of Julia's cabin, and whatever they might be caused by, there was an abundance of strong arms close at hand. It was terrible to lie awake and listen to these fearful shrieks, as they continued to be borne in at our windows on the soft summer breeze, and in the morning we inquired what had caused them.

One of our men replied, "La, it wan't nothin' but Minny. She got 'happy' when one of the sisters came through, and I tell you, missis, I wouldn't have liked to be one of them that tried to hold her! How she did jump and kick! She was strong as a horse; three men couldn't pretend to hold her!"

Now, "Minny" is a thin, delicate woman, but easily excited and much given to "getting happy;" then she becomes endowed with unnatural strength, jumps several feet from the ground, and rushes around in a frantic state, shouting at the top of her voice until she falls rigid on the floor, unable to contend longer with those who attempt to hold her. The servant of one of our neighbors, after a long protracted "seeking," suddenly appeared at the barn, where her young master was superintending some laborers at midday, and began preaching in a wild, frantic manner to the unconverted she saw around her. She told of her own intense happiness, first experience, as she found peace in believing; she spoke of the terrors of hell and its demon spirits fighting for the souls purchased by a Saviour's blood, and then she said that she had been sent by command of him who appeared to her in a vision, to warn her young master and all her friends of the doom awaiting them if they did not at once turn to the Lord.

Her earnestness made her eloquent, and none could refrain from listening to her with interest.

After preaching her sermon she hurried away, as rapidly and suddenly as she had approached, in the direction of the river. None suspected her object until night came, and the brothers and sisters of the church, wondering that she did not appear to relate her experience before them and receive their congratulations, went in search of her. They returned at last, bearing in their arms the body of the poor creature, who in her ecstasy, unwilling to remain in this world of sin, anxious to enjoy to the full the glory of Heaven, of which her present bliss was but a foretaste, had rushed into the cold waters of the deep, narrow river, and drowned herself. This, however, was not the negro solution of the mysterious suicide, though fully believed by her white employers, and certainly the most natural supposition under the circumstances. The woman's friends at once declared that she had been bewitched by a mulatto who lived in the adjoining cabin; this woman, they said, had long been trying to beguile the husband of the dead into an affection for herself, and that she had used the ordinary means of enchantment to force their neighbor into an apparently voluntary act of self-destruction. Nothing could assuage the excitement and the bitter enmity and dislike displayed toward the "witch."

The unfortunate being thus falsely accused was a comparative stranger in the neighborhood, and had given perfect satisfaction on the plantation where she had sought employment. Being comparatively light-colored, and naturally reserved and quiet in manner, she had held herself somewhat aloof from her fellow-laborers, and had thus drawn upon herself the dislike and suspicion of the other servants. Complaints had been made to the master, but they were so utterly without foundation, he would neither listen to them nor dismiss her as he was desired to do. So time passed away, the feeling against her only becoming more and more intensified from its want of vent, until at last the above grave accusation was brought against her. At the coroner's inquest the brother of the dead gave upon oath the following testimony:

"When I found my sister drowned in the river, I knew she never went and killed herself 'less somebody made her. I studied 'bout it all dat night and de next day, and den it all come to me how it twas. I had my 'spicions from the first, and when I studied hard de notion took me to go and see if my 'spicions was correct; so I waited till dark, and den I took my spade and went to my sister's house. I dug down deep by de door-step, but I didn't find nothin' for a long time; but I kept on digging, and you believe me, master, I came to a ball of thread and a root and a horseshoe, all wrapped up together in a piece of rag, but de minute de air teched dem den they all flew to pieces with a sound like a pistol, and went off in sparks like a flash a lightning! I knew nobody but Sarah put 'em dare, for she is de onliest one on dis big farm dat ever said a hard word to my poor departed sister."

In spite of such testimony a verdict of "suicide while in a state of temporary insanity" was given, but without at all altering the opinion of the negroes, who remained firm in their belief that enchantment had been used to produce death in the manner described. It was a notorious fact that the drowned woman's husband was exceedingly unkind to her, a fact which doubtless made her more willing to die; but her friends, when reminded of the blows she had received from her liege lord, only replied, "Sarah made him do it—she's a witch, she is!"

The baptism following a revival is really a most interesting sight, notwithstanding the ludicrous vein running through it. I shall never forget my childish impressions of the immersions I witnessed. It was a bright, warm summer day, and the trees in full leaf formed a waving green arch above us, as we stood on the bank of a large mill-pond whose waters were as clear and deep as those of a lovely New England lake. Upward of thirty of the servants of our own plantation were to be baptized, and we waited impatiently for the examination of the candidates, nearly a hundred in number, and eagerly watched the spot where they were to come down to the water.

With a thrill of fear and affection we saw my sister's maid led into the pond, waist deep, by a white and a colored preacher; the crowd on the banks relapsed into breathless silence, the solemn baptismal words were spoken, and then Louisa disappeared beneath the rippling wavelets. In an instant she was lifted to her feet, the water pouring in torrents from ears, nose and mouth, while she struggled and floundered about in the stream like an immense electrified fish. Two colored men came to the rescue, seized her, and led her away; while I, the youngest of our party, frightened almost to death, exclaimed:

"They have almost drowned her, she can't get her breath!"

My older companions laughed at my ignorance, and informed me she was only "happy."

The women were all immersed before the men. Some were quite calm and reverent, but many followed the example set by our housemaid, and called forth laughter and ridicule from some of the spectators.

At last the male converts all came together into the pond. They wore only their pants, a white shirt, and a snowy handkerchief around their heads. The contrast of this dazzling white drapery with their ebony faces was very striking, and as they stood there with the liquid blue sky above them, and burning sunbeams resting upon their turbaned heads, I can never forget the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. There were about forty of them, all clad alike, all seeming to feel equally the gravity of the vows they had just made, the sacred nature of the rite in which they were about to participate, and one by one they were laid beneath the vailing waters, and then without a sound to disturb the solemn stillness, they glided out of sight, and in an instant were hid from our view by the sheltering trees.

A. L. BASSETT INGLE.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Praterstern, in Vienna.

This is one of the most fashionable drives of Vienna, and now that the great bulk of those who visit the Exhibition must pass through it, the scene it presents at times is at once brilliant and picturesque, as may be inferred from our illustration. It derives its name Praterstern, or Star Park, from the fact that seven streets radiate from it, although so luminous is it at this peculiar season with youth and beauty, the stranger at certain hours of the day will be inclined to trace its derivation to this latter source. During the morning and the evening this celebrated resort is thronged with equipages of every conceivable description, including the "fiacre," drawn by two horses, and the "comfortable," drawn by one. It is circular in form, so that the lines of carriages never cross each other or are subject to the slightest confusion. Directly through the centre of the circle runs the Imperial Carriage Road, which is sacred to the royal family, not even the nobles invading it. No business vehicle whatever is permitted to enter the Praterstern during the day, although we perceive that street-cars are not excluded, or that indispensable adjunct of civilization, the watering-cart, notwithstanding that some very awkward and ridiculous situations arise from the admission of the latter.

The Long Line Promenade, Copenhagen.

This promenade is regarded by tourists as one of the finest in Europe, not only from the view it affords of the sea, but from its excellence and its picturesque beauty in every relation. In the season, like the other open-air resorts of the Continent, it is crowded with wealth and beauty, presenting, as may be seen from our engraving, an appearance the most attractive and brilliant. In addition, here are to be met some of the most educated and elegantly bred people; for the Danes are proverbial for their learning and good-breeding. Nor could this be well otherwise, for Copenhagen is a famous seat of knowledge, and possesses some of the best museums of the North. Be this latter as it may, the Long Line Promenade is a superb drive, and at this season of the year is thronged with the élite of the city throughout the greater part of the day.

Persia During the Shah's Absence.

Unless his dynasty is founded in the hearts of the people, the most potent monarch on earth has but a precarious lease of power. The fealty and homage that are exacted at the point of the bayonet cannot be trusted for a single hour if once free from restraint; and hence the outrages and tumults that commenced to shake Persia to its centre once the stern despot which rules that benighted land ventured to cross its borders. A glance at our illustration, bearing on the subject, will convey a faithful idea of the scenes of plunder and bloodshed which have been recently enacted near Shiraz by the desert hordes, who acknowledge no sympathies save those which bind them together in one merciless and unholty brotherhood. Such wretches, through recent murders and spoliation, have now rendered travel impossible in the land they infest, and have nearly destroyed all intercourse between the various centres of population in this sparsely inhabited country.

Spanish Smuggler Anchored in the Bidassoa.

The River Bidassoa, which runs between France and Spain, may be said to be the promised land of the smuggler. In 1665 a treaty was signed between both countries, in which this river from its source to the sea was set down from bank to bank as a line of demarcation, open to the whole world, and totally beyond the jurisdiction, civil or military, of either of any nation. This arrangement, which still exists, is found to have its grave disadvantages, however, for the fugitive from justice finds an asylum on the waters of this river, from whence he can defy all pursuit, while the contrabandist anchors his well-stocked boat as we perceive in our illustration—and cautiously awaits an opportunity to send ashore his cargo of mules, horses, brandy, tobacco or coffee, as the case may be, and all despite the watchful eyes of the police and custom-house officials, so constantly alongside him, whose quarters on one side of the river may be seen in the distance, and with whom he is evidently on the very best of terms.

CLIMATE AT THE ISTHMUS.

The climate of Panama varies considerably; in some parts it is hot and healthy, in others, damp and unhealthy, and again in others, fresh, or even cold and salubrious.

Along all the coast, from the borders of Costa Rica to the Gulf of Uraba, the climate is hot and damp, and very prejudicial to the white race; this proceeds from the inundations, and even more from the plantations of mangrove trees that are met with on the coast, and their noxious exhalations. To this must be added excessive heat and damp caused by the frequent rains, and by the moist vapors of the sea, which the prevailing winds sweep over the woods, by which all this part of the country is covered. This does not happen in any part of the Pacific. From Panama to Cape Burica, where there are neither woods nor inundations, but where it is grass-lands, watered by rivers, and nearly all inhabited, the temperature is hot but not damp, and is conducive to health. The mountains are cool and healthy, but entirely uninhabited, as much in the southern part, which is grassy, as in the northern, which is covered with woods. The part of the coast from Panama to the borders of Choco is unhealthy; the interior of Darien is also rather so, and only the black population, or that mixed with Indians, can resist this very rainy and hot climate, so damp from the inundations which vitiate the atmosphere. Although the mountains of Darien are low, and the temperature cool, yet the country cannot yet be called healthy, nor will it be so until the great forests shall have disappeared. In Portobelo the climate is unhealthy; the heat is excessive from the stillness of the air, and from the fortress being surrounded by high mountains; it is also exposed to noxious exhalations from vegetable matter both on land and water. The nights are as suffocating as the days, accompanied with torrents of rain, thunder, and flashes of lightning, which terrify the mind of a European on his arrival in this country.

GUM ARABIC.

THE most familiar objects about us are often least understood, and probably few can pause to ask the question, "What is gum-arabic, and from whence it comes?" In Morocco, about the middle of November (that is, after the rainy season,) a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the furrow down which it runs, and assumes the form of oval and round drops, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as it comes from the red or white gum tree. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest, and the harvest lasts a full month. The gum is packed in large leather sacks, and transported on the backs of camels and bullocks to seaports for shipment. The harvest occasion is made one of great rejoicing, and the people for the time being almost live on gum, which is nutritious and fattening. Such is the commercial story of this simple but useful article.

PERSONAL.

It has been discovered that A. T. Stewart is worth \$100,000,000.

THE son of the late Emperor Theodoros, of Abyssinia, is at Cheltenham College, England.

PRINCE ALFONSO, son of Queen Isabella, has passed his examination at the Theresianum College, in Vienna.

BUFFALO BILL has been engaged by the Earl of Dunraven to act as guide for him in the buffalo region this Fall.

EDWARD MILLS, of London, a noted educator and non-conformist, lately received a testimonial purse of \$60,000.

THE private secretary and interpreter of the Shah is a Frenchman, M. Jules Richard, who has lived in Persia since 1844.

GEORGE A. MATILE has been appointed Secretary of the Spanish Claims Commission, vice George O. Moore, resigned.

ISAAC KING, father of "Kate Stoddard," of Goodrich murder notoriety, called upon his daughter at the Raymond Street jail, Brooklyn, on July 23d.

WALT WHITMAN is quite ill yet, and is stopping temporarily at Camden, N. J., on his way, when strong enough, to the Long Island or Jersey seashore.

THE distinguished French surgeon, Nelaton, has been seriously ill with heart disease, but little hope is entertained of his recovery.

THE course of Commander Reed of the United States steamer *Kansas*, in conveying the *Virginian* out of Aspinwall, meets with general official approbation.

COLONEL ROMANOFF, of the Russian army, who had been the correspondent of the *London Times* during the march to Khiva, committed suicide at Karak-Ata.

THE Sultan has declined the invitation of Emperor Francis Joseph to visit the Vienna Exposition, assigning as a reason that affairs prevent him from leaving Constantinople.

SENATOR SUMNER's health is said to be much improved by his season of quiet. He will leave Washington for Boston this week, and will spend the month of August at Nahant.

THE death is announced from London of Matthew Marshall, well known for nearly 30 years as chief cashier of the Bank of England, from which post he retired on a full pension about nine years back.

THE death of General Thomas M. Cazneau in San Francisco was occasioned by an attack of pleurisy, superinduced by over-exertion and cold contracted in making preparations for the late national celebration in that city.

JUDGE HARRISON, of New Haven, Conn., accompanied by Secretary Northrop, made a contract with Dr. Hatch to board and educate the four Italian slave children rescued from servitude, at the State Reform School until the trial of Gloine, the padrone, in October.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING.

MISS ANNA BISHOP is at San Francisco, Cal.

ANNA E. DICKINSON is at Swampscott, Mass.

BISHOP WOOD, of Philadelphia, has gone to Saratoga.

THE Hon. E. Joy Morris is at Atlantic City, N. J.

BRET HARTE is at Morristown, N. J., for the Summer.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL is in Litchfield County, Conn.

JOHN J. BAGLEY, Governor of Michigan, is at Rye Beach.

PRESIDENT PORTER, of Yale, and daughter, are at Saratoga.

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG is at Cold-Springs-on-the-Hudson.

GENERAL HANCOCK and lady have left the city for New London.

COUNT ZENNINI, Secretary to the Italian Embassy, is at Newport.

MINISTER SCHENCK has left London for Brighton for a few weeks.

MR. W. H. VANDERBILT is managing his railroad interests at Saratoga.

GENERAL BELKNAP, Secretary of War, has been visiting Cape May, N. J.

GENERAL WHITEMAN, ex-Collector of the port of Boston, is at Saratoga.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BARLOW, of New York, is at the Berkshire Hills, Mass.

H. M. KEITH, Consul-General of Costa Rica at Vienna, is at Saratoga.

Governor WALKER, of Virginia, is at the Alleghany Springs, in that State.

W. A. GRAHAM, Governor of North Carolina, is registered at Saratoga.

GEORGE W. MORGAN, the organist, is nursing his fractured arm at Newport.

DAVID A. WELLS is in London with a full supply of miscellaneous statistics.

JOHN G. WHITTELL has left his retreat at the Isle of Shoals for his home in Amesbury.

PROFESSOR J. D. DANA and ex-President Woolsey, of Yale, are stopping in Great Barrington, Mass.

MOSES H. GRINNELL, of New York, is spending the Summer at Luzerne among the Adirondacks.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie will remain at the Castle of Arenenberg until Autumn, instead of going to Vienna.

THE Hon. Nelson Dingley, nominee for Governor of Maine, is at Wolfborough, N. H., with his family.

THE Rev. T. D. Wotherspoon, of the Virginia University, is, with a party of touring teachers, in Scotland.

GENERALS JOHNSON and HOOD are stopping at a favorite Southern resort—the Alleghany Springs, Virginia.

THE Rev. M. J. Cramer, United States Minister to Denmark, is at his old home in Ohio, on leave of absence.

THE Hon. H. N. Congor, ex-Minister to China, and ex-Secretary of State of New Jersey, is, with his family, at Long Branch.

GENERAL DAVID VICKERS, Secretary to the United States Legation, Chili, during Kilpatrick's Administration, has gone to Samana Bay, as agent of the United States Government.

PHILADELPHIA. THE GREAT REPUBLICAN RING.

A. WILSON HENZEY, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

A. WILSON HENZEY is at the present time President of the Common Council, and he represents the Republicans of the Tenth Ward in that municipal body. He was proprietor of a large photograph establishment on Arch Street, and divided his time for some years in taking photographic likenesses and paying attention to politics. During the rebellion, Mr. Henzey was a sutler in



A. WILSON HENZEY, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

the army, and his first appearance as a public functionary was in 1868, when he was elected State Senator from the Second District. He was defeated for the Senatorial nomination in 1871, but became a member of the Common Council, and, as stated, President of that body. While a State Senator, Mr. Henzey took a deep interest in the Metropolitan Police Bill, and did what he could to secure its passage. He is at present, by virtue of his office as President of the Common Council, a member of the Public Buildings Commission, and he possesses some reputation as a political stump speaker.

WILLIAM N. BUNN, REGISTER OF WILLS.

Mr. William N. Bunn, the present Register of Wills of Philadelphia, is a young, shrewd, active,



WILLIAM N. BUNN, REGISTER OF WILLS.

scheming and influential Republican politician. He was originally a wood-engraver, but relinquished that business for the more exciting, and for him more profitable one, of politics. He resides in the Sixteenth Ward, and was elected to the State Legislature, from the Eleventh District, in 1868 and 1869. A contested election between Mr. Bunn and Daniel Witham for the seat in the State Legislature in 1868 excited considerable interest at the time, and was the cause of some suits at law afterward. Mr. Bunn became the Republican candidate for



JOHN L. HILL, EX-COLLECTOR OF DELINQUENT TAXES.

Register of Wills in 1870, and was elected over Anthony A. Laws by a good majority, although he fell far behind the vote of the party he represented.

Mr. Bunn served as a private, during the rebellion, in the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Regiment (Baxter's Fire Zouaves,) and making judicious use of the name of a soldier, he used it as a stepping-stone for political preferment.

JOHN L. HILL, EX-COLLECTOR OF DELINQUENT TAXES.

Mr. John L. Hill is a Republican politician of commanding influence. He rose in a few years from the position of constable in an alderman's office to the lucrative position of Collector of Delinquent Taxes, and is now considered to be worth a cool half million of dollars. He learned originally the trade of a stonecutter, and hails from the Ninth Ward, where he got his first sight of political life. He was chief clerk in the Receiver of Taxes Office under Receiver Pelty, and was by him appointed Collector of Delinquent Taxes, being the first incumbent of that office. He is a member of the Public Buildings Commission, was recently appointed one of the Commissioners from Philadelphia to the Vienna International Exposition, and is in Vienna at the present time. He is a member of the well-known "Mysterious Pilgrim's Club," and recently had the Committee on Public Abuses of the Municipal Reform Association of Philadelphia after him with vengeance, for alleged irregularities in the affairs of the Delinquent Tax Collector's Office.

WM. R. LEEDS, SHERIFF.

Mr. William R. Leeds, the present Republican High Sheriff of Philadelphia, is, like Mayor Stokeley, a politician by trade, and wields a vast amount of political power. He has held a number of lucrative political positions, and now counts his cash by the hundreds of thousands. Mr. Leeds started politically as a clerk in the Recorder of Deeds Office, under Mr. Harmer, and then received an appointment in the United States Mint. About this time he obtained some reputation as a hard-working political wire-puller, and was made Chairman of the Republican City Executive Committee in 1867 and 1868. While occupying the latter-named position, however, the city was lost to the Republicans, Mr. Daniel M. Fox being elected Mayor over General Hector Tyndale, the Republican nominee, by a small majority. In 1869, President Grant appointed Mr. Leeds Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Philadelphia District; but previous to this he was identified with the notorious "Gas Ring." Mr. Leeds received the Republican nomination for Sheriff of Philadelphia in 1870, and after a spirited campaign was elected, de-



WILLIAM R. LEEDS, HIGH SHERIFF.



MAYOR WILLIAM S. STOKLEY.



COLONEL WILLIAM B. MANN, DISTRICT ATTORNEY.



MAJOR ALEX. MCCUEN, CITY COMMISSIONER.

feating the Democratic candidate, Frederick Gerker, by a large majority. Mr. Leeds is a Tenth Ward man.

WM. S. STOKLEY, MAYOR.

William S. Stokeley, the present Mayor of Philadelphia, is what might be called a natural-born politician. He has been a loyal Republican ever since the foundation of that party, and what he does not know about the machinery of party politics is not worth knowing. From being an active Ninth Ward politician, he branched out on the open sea of municipal politics generally, and was presiding officer of a number of Republican nominating conventions.

He was elected a member of the Common Council in 1861, remained there for several terms, and became President of that body. In 1866 he was elected to represent the Select Council from the Ninth Ward, and the succeeding term being re-elected, he was made President of that body. Retiring from the Councils, Mr. Stokeley was appointed by the President Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Second District, which office he held until he became Republican candidate for Mayor in 1871, when he was elected over Captain James Biddle, the candidate of the Democratic party. Mr. Stokeley took an active part in establishing the Paid Fire Department in Philadelphia. Before taking an active interest in politics, he was chief engineer of a large confectionery establishment in Philadelphia.

WM. B. MANN, DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

No Philadelphia politician or public man of any kind is more universally known in the City of Brotherly Love than Colonel William B. Mann, the present District Attorney of the County of Philadelphia. Colonel Mann was born in New Jersey, but Philadelphia has been his home for very many years. He is a criminal lawyer of most consummate ability, and he has no superior and few equals as a sagacious, hard-working, skillful politician of Republican proclivities. Colonel Mann has splendid oratorical powers, and aside from his legal acquirements he is a finished scholar. He first came under general public notice as Deputy District Attorney under William B. Reed, and was elected District Attorney in 1859, 1862, and in 1865. In 1868 he received again the nomination for District Attorney from the Republicans, but withdrew in favor of the Hon. Charles Gibbons. In 1871 he was once more elected District Attorney, and holds that position now. During the war Colonel Mann commanded the Second Pennsylvania Reserves; subsequently he organized a Home Guard Regiment, and did service in the Cumberland Valley when Lee invaded Pennsylvania.

MAJOR ALEX. MCCUEN, CITY COMMISSIONER.

Major Alexander McCuen, one of the present City Commissioners of the County of Philadelphia, is a hard-working politician, and well versed in all the intricacies of Philadelphia politics. He possesses a good war record, having served in the army with credit. He has been for many years connected with the liquor business in Philadelphia, and is personally popular.

PETER A. B. WIDENER, CITY TREASURER.

Mr. Peter A. B. Widener, the present City Treasurer of Philadelphia, is a Republican politician of average intelligence and limited experience. He



PETER A. B. WIDENER, CITY TREASURER.

holds now a front-rank position among the Republican politicians of the Quaker City, and he brought himself into prominence very rapidly. His regular occupation is that of a butcher. He was born in Philadelphia, and hails from the Twenty-ninth Ward. He represented the latter in the Board of Public Education, and that was his first and only public position until he was elected City Treasurer in the Fall of 1871. His Democratic opponent for the latter-named office was S. Gross, Esq., ex-President of the Spruce and Pine Street Passenger Railway Company, and a Democratic politician of considerable note. Mr. Widener received the Republican nomination for re-election as City Treasurer, under the Crawford County system, last January—there being no opposition to him.



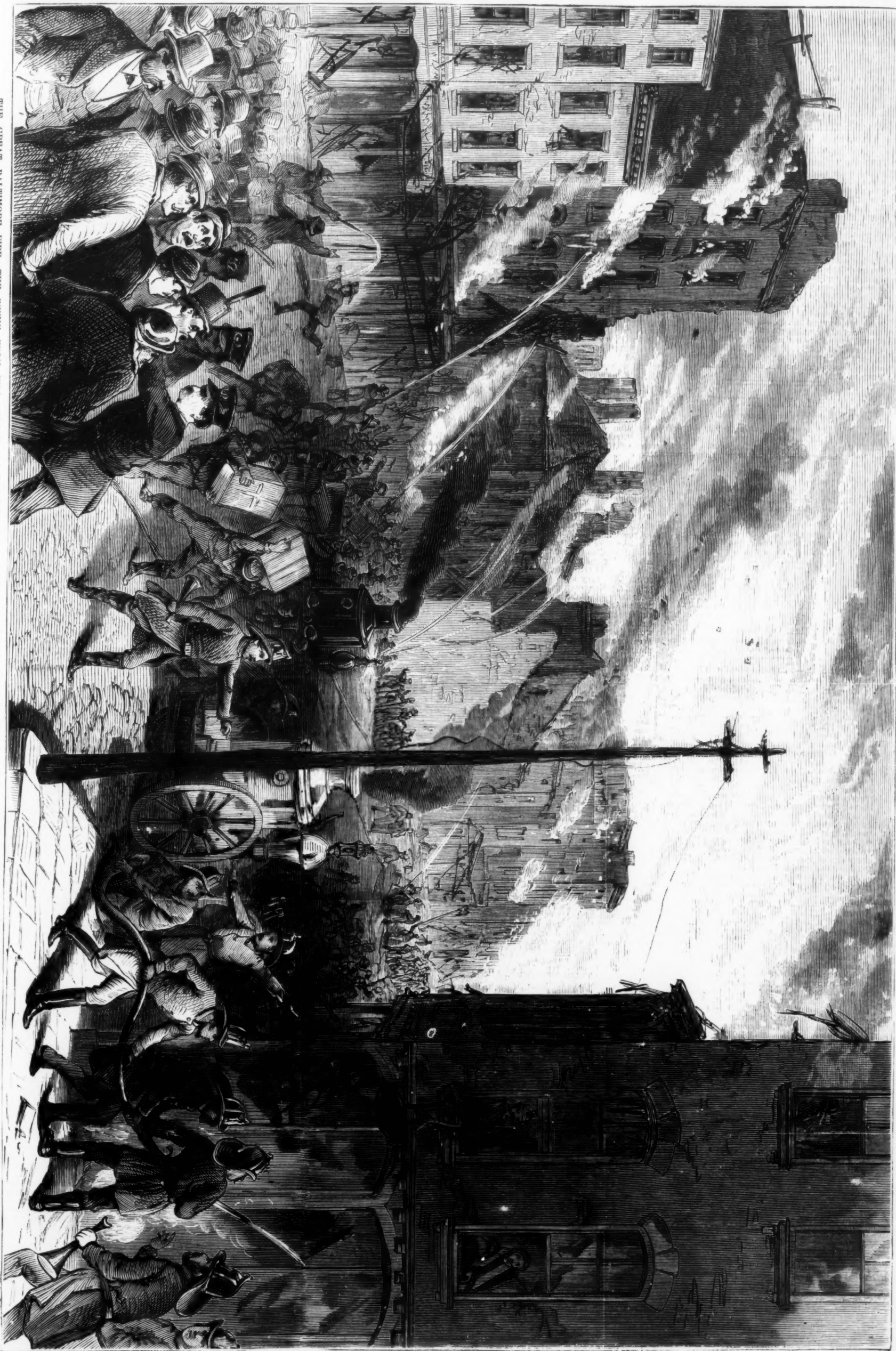
GENERAL H. A. BINGHAM, CLERK OF THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS.

GENERAL HENRY H. BINGHAM, CLERK OF THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS.

General Henry H. Bingham, the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Philadelphia, is a Republican politician of considerable prominence in Philadelphia. He is a fine talker, and deeply versed in the political machinery of the Quaker City. General Bingham is about the "nattiest" politician in Philadelphia, and has a quick, decided, but



WILLIAM ELLIOTT, EX-SPEAKER HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND CANDIDATE FOR HIGH SHERIFF.



THE GREAT BALTIMORE FIRE.—THE SCENE FROM THE CORNER OF LEXINGTON AND PARK STREETS—THE FIRE BEGAN ON THE LEFT OF THE CENTRE OF THE ILLUSTRATION.—SKETCHED BY BEN DAY.—SEE PAGE 343.

engaging manner. He left Jefferson Medical College to enter the army at the outbreak of the rebellion, and secured a position on the staff of General Meade. He took an active part at the Battle of Gettysburg, and was made a Brigadier-General for military proficiency displayed. After leaving the army, General Bingham was Chief Clerk in the Philadelphia Post Office, and was appointed Postmaster of Philadelphia by President Johnson. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Sheriff of Philadelphia in 1870, but in 1872 he managed to secure the Republican nomination for Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, was elected to that office, and holds it at the present time.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT, EX-SPEAKER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF.

William Elliott is a Philadelphia Republican of considerable note, and his name is very intimately associated with the "Ring." He was for many years a member of the famous "Gas Ring," and as one of the Trustees of the Philadelphia Gas Works he had great influence with that celebrated close corporation. He has served four terms in the Pennsylvania State Legislature, representing the Fourth District. He was elected Speaker of the House in 1872, and again in 1873. In the latter-named position he made himself very popular, and secured for himself vast political power. He was loth to enter the lists last year as the Republican candidate for Sheriff of Philadelphia, and although it was apparently a previously settled thing among Philadelphia Republican politicians that Mr. William Baldwin should be the nominee, as soon as Mr. Elliott announced himself as a candidate Mr. Baldwin withdrew, and Mr. Elliott obtained the nomination over the remaining candidate, Mr. James N. Kerns, by an immense majority, under the rules of the Crawford County system. Mr. Elliott has been presiding officer of a large number of Republican conventions in Philadelphia, and he comes from the Seventh Ward.

THE LOYAL KNIGHT.

SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.

WHAT in my love doth make him dear?
All that in love I see:
The manliest soul, the gentlest heart,
That here on earth may be.

To what is law and truth he holds
A high fidelity;
His conscience as a shield he bears;
His honor as a sword he wears;
God's loyal knight is he.

And so I needs must love my love,
Since for these is he dear:
An honest heart, a manly soul,
Without reproach or fear.

INNOCENT: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY
MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE SECOND DAY CONTINUED.

THE case for the prosecution had not been closed. The remaining evidence was trifling in substance, but horribly important in scope. It was chiefly made up of bits of conversation in which Innocent had expressed her love for Frederick—and her dislike for Frederick's wife.

When the case for the prosecution was closed, the assembly had all decided against Innocent in their hearts—the jurymen pale, and almost stupefied by thought, looked at her, wondering how they could find a Lady Longueville, a beautiful young woman, guilty? and trying to steel their hearts to that terrible duty. Half the women in the place (and there were a great many) were weeping. Good heavens! was it proved, then? was she guilty, that child? The hopes of her friends fell. Nelly sank back in her seat, covering her white face with her trembling hands. Sir Alexis continued to stand up with his arms folded on his breast, and a face like yellow marble, or old ivory, so ghastly did it look, every sign of youth gone out of it—steeling himself to bear whatever was to come.

The evidence for the defense seemed at the first glance very insignificant. It was chiefly directed to one point. The first witnesses called were two railway officials, who proved that the train passed through Sterborne at 12:45 every night; that it was seldom more than ten minutes late, being an express train to town with few stoppages; and that on the night of the 20th of October it had left Sterborne Station at 12:50 exactly. The only other witness of any importance produced was a London physician of eminence, who proved that no opiate, even though administered in a very large quantity, could by any possibility produce death within the time indicated by the evidence. The sleep which preceded death would no doubt have set in (he said,) but that was very distinct and easy to be distinguished from any fit of fainting or temporary unconsciousness. "The merest tyro in medicine must know as much as this," he added, with a contempt of the country practitioner who had maintained an opposite opinion. This was absolutely the whole of the case for the defense. The speech of Mr. Sergeant Ryder was equally brief and pithy. He pointed out the vagueness of the evidence as to hour, and the fact that by the longest computation two hours was all the time allowed for such a sequence of events as the prosecution attempted to set forth: for the conception and carrying out of a murder by poison, the death of the deceased, the flight of the prisoner, all the developments of this tragic drama. Never drama on the stage went more quickly, he cried; and he showed how innocent fright and panic might have quite naturally produced every sign which was put forth as a sign of guilt. What more natural than that, seeing her charge die before her eyes, her simple and somewhat feeble (as the Court had perceived) and undeveloped intelligence should jump at the idea that she had herself been partly instrumental in the terrible event she had witnessed? He pointed out that the only inference which could be drawn from the testimony of those witnesses who had been present on the occasion was that the death of the deceased was instantaneous, whereas Dr. Frankfort had proved to them, beyond dispute, that no death by opium could be instantaneous, that the poison required a certain time to do its work, a time which was not afforded by the short interval between 11 o'clock, which the witness Johnson had heard striking while the voice of the deceased was still loud and angry, and 12:50, when the unfortunate prisoner left Sterborne by the train. These dates, he added, placed the case beyond the category of possibilities. And with this brief and unsensational address he sat down.

All this—the case for the defense altogether—did not occupy an hour. The audience held their breath. They stared at each other like people fallen from some sudden height. Was it possible after all that they had been spending their interest and tears for nothing?—for an untenable case, a thing which had been from the commencement impossible, had they taken the trouble to examine? The jurymen's faces lighted up. After all it might not be necessary to convict the young creature who was called "my lady." They would have recommended her to mercy, no doubt, and done everything they could to cancel their decision had they been compelled to make one in an adverse sense. But now their relieved feelings showed in their countenances, which brightened to the new possibilities unfolded before them. One or two only remained cloudy. The rest prepared with a cheerful confidence, seeing themselves almost out of the wood, and as eager to be relieved as Innocent, to hear the judge's summing up. Mr. Justice Molyneux was very great in this grand point of a judge's duty. It was one of "the greatest intellectual treats" to hear him. But, perhaps, he was not quite himself that day. He commented upon the evidence in a style which was not marked by his usual force and freedom. He said something civil about Mrs. Eastwood. He noticed slightly the touching, though altogether irregular, address of the prisoner. He pointed out to the jury that, though circumstances had at one time seemed overwhelming against her, and though her own evident impression that she was guilty, her precipitate flight, her repeated confession, seemed in one point of view to establish her guilt—there was a more charitable interpretation to be put on all these strange proceedings. It was possible, as the prisoner's counsel had suggested, that simple fright and terror might be at the bottom of them instead of guilt. Other cases had occurred in which an innocent person had accused himself of terrible crimes such as he had never committed. The jury was called upon to weigh all these contending arguments with the most serious care, and judge whether the panic of guilt or the panic of mere fright was at work upon the mind of the prisoner. He need not tell them that there was a doubt, she was entitled to the benefit of that doubt. The conduct and avowals of the prisoner herself made the chief foundation the prosecution had to build upon; and the destruction of the phial by the prisoner's family was no doubt very strongly against her. The judge then called their attention to the only, but most important point, on which the defense was founded. It was backed by an authority which, to many people, would seem infallible; but yet there were minds to which no one is infallible, and it was proverbial that doctors differed on the most important subjects. If they believed that Dr. Frankfort was right, and that poisoning by opium was impossible in so short a time, then their only course would be to acquit the prisoner; but if, on the other hand, they preferred to take the opinion of a younger disciple of Esculapius, then the case remained as the very able and striking speech of the counsel for the prosecution left it. Fortunately, the whole matter lay in a nutshell. If they accepted the confessions of the prisoner, which some minds might be inclined to do—for there could be no doubt that an unsolicited confession of guilt was a very grave matter, and could not be disregarded—and considered the after circumstances as confirmatory of her guilt—they would find her guilty, though he did not think that even in that case there was any evidence to prove premeditation, and the offense must bear a less solemn appellation than that of murder; but if, on the other hand, they believed the distinct affirmation of the great physician, whose evidence (delivered, he need not say, in the clearest and most satisfactory manner) they had just heard, they would understand that, notwithstanding her own impression of guilt, and whatever might be the intention with which the poison was administered, it was physically impossible that the prisoner could have committed the crime laid to her charge.

There was a pause when the judge finished; then an attempt at applause, suppressed by the officials, who, after their failure the previous day to silence Innocent, were doubly on the alert. Then the crowd grew suddenly still, and every man looked at his neighbor. Then the excitement grew intense. The next sound everybody felt must be the words of the verdict, the "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," which should be life or death. The two least concerned were the accused and her counsel. She, because that gleam of sky through the window had caught her wandering soul; he because he felt sure of his verdict. And thus they waited—in the silence, in the awful suspense which subdues a great rustling, restless crowd into unnatural many-breathing stillness, waiting for the issues of life and death. What visions went and came in that moment! Nelly—with her feverish eyes saw—or was it a dream?—Ernest's face look out from the depths of the crowd and then vanish. Sir Alexis saw—not a scaffold—that was impossible—but a gloomy array of prisons, rising, one beyond another, as the suspense continued. Death in life—would not that be worse than death itself?

CHAPTER L.—DELIVERED.

THE jury were not agreed. Though the case lay in a nutshell, the nut was for the moment too hard for them. One or two indignant Battyttes held the field against the gentler souls who had been so overjoyed to seize upon the possibility of a favorable verdict.

The unhappy twelve were shut up again, far from their homes and comfort; the judge wended his way with dissatisfied countenance to his dinner, at which he spoke in terms not flattering to the British jurymen; and a group of very miserable people assembled in the lodging opposite the prison. They were doubly miserable, because none of them were allowed to see the unfortunate girl whom they knew to be there alone, unsupported by any sympathy, bearing the burden of suspense without any alleviation. They gathered round the table, making a miserable pretense at a meal, from which Sir Alexis, however, escaped ere it was half over, in the restlessness of misery to wander under the window where his poor little bride, the unfortunate young creature with whose name his name and fame were inextricably connected, lay alone, beyond the reach of any gentle voice; while poor Nelly withdrew weeping to conceal the additional pangs of her own unthought-of pain. Was it Ernest whose face she had seen? Was he coming back again to rend or to console her heart? Was he waiting the result to decide the question for him?

Mr. Justice Molyneux had his own troubles on that painful day. He disliked to have anything to do with cases in which what he called "private feeling" must be more or less involved. He was angry with the Eastwoods for being connected prospectively with himself, and with Innocent for being connected with the Eastwoods. He was angry with his son for keeping on that lingering, absurd engagement which ought to have come to a conclusion one way or another a year ago. He hoped now that Ernest would see his folly; and yet privately within himself the man who—whatever he was besides—was a man, and no weakling, despised

his son for not standing by the girl whom he pressed to love. He had seen this girl, whom he himself had, so to speak, received into his family, to whom he had given a fatherly kiss as Ernest's future wife, by herself, with the high, though passive, courage of a woman, standing by her cousin in her trouble; and, though he was glad on the whole that his son "kept himself out of it," yet in the depths of his soul he was ashamed that a son of his should have so poorly played the man.

These reflections, however, did not interfere with his dinner, of which the excellent judge had great need—for hard work in which there is a mixture of emotion (as much emotion again as a judge can be expected to feel) is very exhausting, and whets a naturally excellent appetite. He had fortunately come to the end of the more substantial part of his repast, when a sudden message was brought to him. The jury had made up their minds! What was to be done? Were they to be held in vile durance for a whole night after this desirable result had been obtained? Was the accused to be kept in the agonies of suspense for the same period? And, finally, which was, perhaps, the most important of all—was business to be delayed next morning by the reintroduction of this case, which had already taken up the Court during two days? The judge made up his mind, though not without some internal groanings. He called his retinue about him; sent hasty warnings to the counsel for the different sides, and to all the principal parties involved; and, donning his robes, took his way once more to the Town Hall, causing great commotion among the groups in the streets. Lights were hastily lighted, doors hastily thrown open, and the agitated street emptied itself at once in a throng—gentle and simple together—the ragamuffin and the righteous member of society for once in their lives side by side—into the dim and dingy Town Hall, with its huge staring portraits of Mayors and Lord-Lieutenants, faintly lighted up by the flaring gas, and its dust-colored walls looking more dingy than ever in the unwonted light.

Innocent was seated on her poor bed, dull, and passive, and alone. She had ceased to think of the sky through the window and the world out of doors, and the hope of going home. To be without imagination is sometimes an advantage, but very often it is a great misfortune.

When the key grated in the lock, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and figures, dark against the light which streamed behind them, rushed in with haste and excitement to call her, she rose, dazed and stupefied, because they told her to do so, tied on her little bonnet because they bade her, and followed for the same reason, with her faculties so dull and dead that nothing which could have happened would have roused, much less surprised her. She held mechanically by the woman who had attended her during those two weary days, but she did not ask, not even of herself in her thoughts, where they were taking her, or what was the cause of this sudden interruption of the dismal stillness. What it meant was all dark to Innocent. But when she stood again at the bar, a vague sense that something was about to be done to her crept gradually upon her bewildered faculties. Somehow, she could not tell how, the scene seemed to mingle with that old scene in the Methodist chapel, so that she could not tell whether some sudden chance had transported her there again, and whether these moving figures which seemed about to approach her were those of the men whom she had once supposed to threaten her life. She turned wildly to look if there was any way of escape. Alas! this time poor Innocent could not flee.

What happened next? I do not think that Innocent ever knew. She was the centre of a confusion and tumult, from which, after a while, there slowly emerged the face of Sir Alexis close to hers, quivering with emotion and joy. Then his voice saying: "It is all over, my darling; we are going home." Then strange low cries and sounds of weeping—sounds in which Innocent, benumbed, had no power to join; then a breath of air—wild, sweet fresh air of the Spring night—suddenly blowing upon her face, as if it had never been caught, and confined within four walls; she uttered a wild cry, and then she knew nothing more.

"The girl has gone mad," said Mr. Justice Molyneux, as he threw off his robes; "and I have a dozen minds to commit the jurymen for willful murder—well—or contempt of court, if you will—it comes to much the same thing."

She was acquitted—that was the end—whether or not too late to save her tottering reason no one knew. Even Batty himself and his warmest partisans had been struck dumb by that cry.

"She's got off; but the Lord hasn't let her off," cried some one of those virulent censors who are so ready to undertake that God must agree with them; but the crowd cried "Shame" upon the vindictive suggestion.

They kept back the malcontents with instinctive sympathy while poor Innocent was half led, half carried out by a side-door toward the room where Mrs. Eastwood, happily unconscious of the crisis, was trying to sleep after nights of sleepless anxiety.

As Innocent was thus led away, some one else rushed to the door of the Town Hall, meeting the crowd as it poured forth, meeting the lawyers who stood about in groups discussing the matter.

"I have brought the doctor!" he shouted vaguely at the wigged figure of Mr. Ryder, the only one distinguishable in the uncertain light.

John Vane caught at the young man's arm in the crowd.

"It is all over," he said—"thank God! She is safe, and it is all over."

Jenny Eastwood fell back upon the doctor, whom he had hunted after so long, whom he had brought so far, and who was now surrounded by a crowd of eager friends, shaking hands with him. If he had been but a year or two younger I think the boy would have cried in the bitterness of his disappointment. All this for nothing!—and Innocent saved without him, when he was away, without any need of his services! Though he gulped his trouble down, in a moment, and faced John Vane, who was looking at him kindly, with a countenance instantaneously subdued out of the quiver of pain that had passed over it, Jenny had as sharp a pang to bear in that moment as might have supplied discomfort enough for a year.

"Never mind. It was best to do it, anyhow," he said, feeling the sting go through and through him, and scarcely conscious of anything else.

"Quite right," said Vane, "though, like most great efforts, it is not to have any reward. Come home with me, Jenny. We are all here. I don't think we could have lived out another night."

"Who are 'we'?" said Jenny, cautiously.

"All of us," said Vane, with the water in his eyes. He could have cried, too, for other motives than those of Jenny. He had not thought of himself—he had not even in his generosity thought of Nelly until that moment. But he had been with her constantly during the few days which appeared to them all like so many years. He had stood by her, when there was no one else to stand by her, when even her mother, as a witness, was not allowed to be with her child. He had been Nelly's brother, her

support, her companion—he and not the other; and was the other to come in now when all was over, to take the reward which he had not earned, to share the ease when he had not shared the trouble?

Dear reader, I will not insist upon carrying you into all the strange excitement which filled those little lodgings. Innocent, when she was taken into the unknown room, seemed to have suddenly frozen again into the Innocent who had arrived two years before at The Elms. She suffered Nelly to hang about her, to place her in a chair, to bring her a footstool, to take off her bonnet, with the same passive stare which had bewildered them all in the old days. I believe if Frederick had come in at that moment she would have turned to him as she had then, falling back upon her first friend. But Frederick, fortunately, was not there. The mob, not willing altogether to lose a victim, and urged on by certain hot partisans of Batty, had detected him on his way to his mother's lodgings, and had so hooted and mobbed and jeered him, that he took the next train for London, telegraphing from thence to Sir Alexis his joy and congratulations.

He had not cut a very exalted figure altogether at the trial of his cousin for the murder of his wife. The Sealing Wax Office is too important a branch of the economy of the State not to have departments in the larger colonies, and branches all over the world. Frederick accepted a colonial appointment the very next day. It was the only thing to be done in his circumstances; and, except his mother, I doubt if any one much regretted his departure.

Innocent was roused a little out of her stupor when she was taken up-stairs to the room where Mrs. Eastwood, who lay trying to rest, gave a great cry, and sprang from her sofa to catch Innocent in her arms, when she was led in noiselessly by Nelly, in order that her mother's eyes when she woke should open upon the saved one.

"As if I could sleep with one of you in danger!"

Mrs. Eastwood cried, weeping. Innocent did not leave her all night, and gradually by slow degrees the warmth came back to her heart as warmth and life came back to the limbs of a creature frozen and benumbed by drowning, or by exposure to the cold. While they wondered whether it was safe to say anything to her of the proceedings of the past days, she went of herself to the window, and looked across at the dreary old prison-walls. They saw her gazing at that melancholy building, and waited, no one daring to speak. At last she turned to them with a soft smile.

"Which was my window?" she said.

They all came hurrying round to prove to her how safe she was, how entirely delivered from the gloomy durance of yesterday, and pointed it out to her with smiles and tears.

"That one!" said Innocent, still smiling. "I wish I had known it was so near. What a little way! and you sat here and watched me? It was almost the same as being at home."

Why did they all kiss her, with those tears? She accepted the kisses and dried the tears with her handkerchief, with a half-laughing gesture like a child's.

And after this she became perfectly tranquil, and prepared for her journey home, and did what she was told, with no apparent consciousness that anything very extraordinary had happened to her. Sir Alexis, much more shaken, looking old, as though ten years had passed over his head, was eager to take advantage of this calm, and carry her back to Longueville without delay.

"She must be ill—this cannot last. After all that she has gone through her health must give way sooner or later," he said.

But he was much more likely to fall ill himself than was Innocent. She, in the simple unity of her feelings, had not felt half nor a third part so much as he had felt—as he felt still. She had felt the actual horrors of loneliness, vague alarm, sickening personal terror, made stronger by ignorance. But when she was alone no longer, when she was freed from her prison, surrounded by her friends, no longer frightened or forsaken, the weight was taken at once from Innocent's head. She thought nothing of the publicity, and was not conscious of the shame.

But Sir Alexis was conscious of it—very conscious. He felt to his very heart that years would have to elapse before his young bride could be seen anywhere without being pointed out as "the woman who was tried for murder." He knew that in society most people would believe, or at least say, whether they believed it or not, that she had been guilty; and that everybody would make sure that she had loved Frederick Eastwood, a hypothesis very gallant to her husband. Thus, though Innocent was saved, he was not saved, nor could be all his life, from the consequences of this prosecution. The newspapers began to comment upon it immediately after its termination, and to characterize it as entirely vindictive—a case which no good barrister should have undertaken, for which no grand jury ought to have brought in a true bill. These discussions were all in Innocent's favor; but oh, how terrible is the favor of the newspapers to a young girl—a young wife of eighteen! Better a hundred times that they should even damn her instantaneously, and let her go!

Thus Sir Alexis hastened back with his bride to Longueville, telling her fondly that everything was over that could harm her, and that they should now begin their old, sweet life once more. But, alas! that sweet life was gone like the Winter snow; for the man who was no longer young, who could not hope to live to forget or see it forgotten, that life would return no more.

(To be continued.)

CHIEF McWILLIAMS, THE POLICE ADVENTURER OF JERSEY CITY.

DO you think he is guilty? is the question which Jersey people ask after canvassing the case of Edward L. McWilliams, their "handsome Chief," who is charged with being a party to a burglary on a bank. There are many who doubt that he is guilty, though there are none who do not feel more or less sympathy for him. He is one of those men about whom there is an idea of romance, a something indescribable, which, independent of their merits or demerits, distinguishes them from their fellows and makes them interesting. He is a fine, manly-looking fellow, about five feet eleven, and of splendid physique, dark complexion, ruddy cheeks, black hair and mustache, dark eyes of a piercing nature, and a ready wit, with cool nerves. He seems designed for an adventurer, and his history is as interesting as if he had belonged to the age of Dick Turpin or Claude Duval. Born on the banks of the canal in Jersey City, of Irish parentage, in 1843, with nothing that seemed to promise notoriety to any extent, his name is now familiar to the reading public of the whole country. As a boy, he earned a pugilistic reputation which made him a terror to the children of Public School Number One in Jersey City, and as a young man he acquired

an intimacy with the thieves of the metropolis and vicinity which was very desirable in the line which he selected for his future business. When the war broke out he busied himself in recruiting, and finally enlisted in the Twenty-first New Jersey, a nine months' regiment. Here he was in company C, under the command of "Jeff" Collins, who subsequently became notorious as a prize-fighter and a policeman. The regiment served in several engagements in which McWilliams took part, and finally, at the end of ten months, was mustered out. When he returned to Jersey City, he engaged in bounty brokerage, and was concerned with Orestes Cleveland, who was then Mayor of the city, in paying \$127,000 to substitutes who proved to be bounty-jumpers, and were arrested and confined in Fort Lafayette. McWilliams did not come prominently before the public until 1865, when his name was flashed over the land one Saturday as a murderer. After the bounty and substitute trade was done, McWilliams was appointed a detective on the police force, and detailed at the Courtlandt Street Ferry. While there he became obnoxious to the gangs of pickpockets, both from New York and Jersey City, who infested the boats and robbed the railroad passengers. One gang, which consisted of a father, mother, and two sons, named Johnson, and some other equally bad people, were particularly incensed at him. They were Jersey City people. The old man was an employe of the Erie Railway Company, and was night-watchman on the Paterson Dock, where he committed a criminal assault upon a German emigrant woman, and was sent to State Prison in Trenton, where his wife was already installed for a less serious crime. The sons still retained the house on Greene Street, near Montgomery, as headquarters for a gang, and they hoped for lenity from McWilliams because he had been their schoolmate. But he knew them, not only as thieves, but as arrant cowards, and prevented them from following their avocation.

On Sunday, October 15th, 1865, Liberty Engine Company, No. 1, of Jersey City, started on an excursion to Philadelphia, and on the train McWilliams recognized the Johnson boys, with some of their "pals." He denounced them as pickpockets, and the firemen handled them somewhat roughly. When the train reached New Brunswick they were expelled, vowing vengeance on McWilliams. On the following Saturday McWilliams had business in New York, and crossed the ferry on the nine o'clock boat. He walked up Courtlandt Street to the corner of Washington Street, where he saw the Johnson boys at the head of the stairs, leading to a drinking-saloon. They ran down and brought up a crowd from the bar, which was frequented by men of their own kind. As McWilliams drew near, John Johnson, who had been loudest in his threats, and who had but a short time before been liberated from State Prison, suddenly put his hand in his bosom. McWilliams, thinking that he was about to draw a weapon, fired. The ball entered Johnson's temple, and his companions fled. The police were soon on the ground, and McWilliams gave himself up, first putting his shield on the lapel of his coat. He was taken to the Twenty-seventh Precinct Station House. A messenger was sent to the old City Hospital, Broadway and Duane Street, to inquire into Johnson's condition, in order to see whether bail could be accepted, and it was found that he was dead. A coroner's jury was speedily summoned, and after the testimony was taken McWilliams was acquitted. The scandal connected with this case had scarcely subsided when his name was on everybody's tongue in connection with a certain Mrs. Davis, the wife of a sea-captain, who sailed between New York and Rio Janeiro. Captain Davis was told by his friends that there were scandalous stories afloat linking his wife's name with McWilliams. He had great confidence both in his wife and his friend, and laughed at the stories, but he returned from one trip to find that his household had been broken up, and his wife, with his friend, was living in Philadelphia.

McWilliams continued to act as a detective, sometimes in the city employ and sometimes in the employ of the railroad companies, without attracting much attention, until, in the Fall of 1870, he changed his politics and became an active Republican. When a new set of Police Commissioners were appointed, he became a candidate for the position of Chief of Police. A strong opposition was manifested against him, headed by the late Mr. Fox, then President of the First National Bank of Jersey City. Mr. Fox said he did not like McWilliams because he was too fast, and used his personal influence against him. But McWilliams, through the influence of ex-Mayor James Gossip, secured two votes out of five, the remaining three being pledged to his opponent. At the last moment, however, he secured the vote of Mr. Pritchard, one of the Commissioners who had been opposed to him, and thus got the coveted majority. A few days afterwards one of the officers of the First National Bank met McWilliams, and congratulated him on his election. McWilliams thanked him, but added, "I have not got the First National to thank for it, and if ever a job is put up on that Bank I won't give it away."

After his election as Chief, burglaries seemed to multiply, and as one followed another in rapid succession a general feeling of apprehension spread among the citizens. It was generally surmised that several organized gangs of New York thieves had moved their base of operations to Jersey City. During the Summer following his election the Hudson County Bank was broken into, and a number of the most prominent stores in Jersey City, several within a block of Police Headquarters, until finally one of the gangs, who had their headquarters during the Spring in Warren Street, was broken up, and though the operators succeeded in evading capture in a mysterious manner, the "fence," one Morris Strauss, who kept a Bowery clothing store in New York, was captured. A gang that had been working Jersey City Heights in the meanwhile was broken up by the capture of a celebrated burglar named Witte in November of 1871. On the 15th of December in the same year the Post Office was mysteriously entered and robbed of \$2,800. There was plenty of investigation, but no arrests. When the White Star line of steamers started, their dock, foot of Pavonia Avenue, became a favorite hunting-ground for a gang which numbered among its members "Handsome Ike" and "Fatty Davis," of New York. These well-known thieves were "spotted" by a detective, and information sent to the Chief. The extra-official detective was removed from the dock at once. "Jimmy Johnson," another member of the gang, was arrested by Captain Van Riper, of the Second Precinct, sent to Police Headquarters, and when wanted for trial had mysteriously disappeared. "Fatty Davis" was arrested soon after, and when wanted for examination he also was missing. A detective who subsequently met "Fatty" in New York asked him now he escaped. "Oh," said Fatty, "I weigh two hundred pounds, and I crawled through the keyhole."

During this time petty burglaries were the order of the night, and the whispers against McWilliams were changed to an indictment by the Grand Jury for alleged complicity in a robbery of sundry bonds on Decoration Day, May 30th, 1871. The bonds were in a cash-box in the office of James S. Noyes, at the corner of Pavonia Avenue and Erie Street,

and when he went to dinner at his residence adjoining he did not lock his safe. When he returned the cash-box and contents, amounting to \$9,000, were gone. The Police Department was informed of the robbery, and some days afterwards Chief McWilliams called on Mr. Noyes, stated that the bonds were in the hands of a broker, who had paid \$2,500 for them, and wanted \$500 bonus. Mr. Noyes said that he would not give more than \$1,500 for the bonds, and McWilliams said he would try and get them for that amount. On his trial he stated that he was out in Cincinnati on business connected with a burglary, and met certain thieves there, who told him that they could assist in recovering the bonds, and after his return to Jersey City he received \$1,500 from Mr. Noyes and gave it to a man who met him in the Metropolitan Hotel in New York—a man who was personally unknown to him. The day following the package of bonds was delivered at Police Headquarters by another unknown man, and returned to Noyes. McWilliams denied having received any portion of the money paid for them, and after a searching examination he was honorably acquitted.

A few months after this scandal he was again indicted, in company with the Jersey City Police Commissioners, for misappropriating city funds. They were convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine. They made an attempt in Trenton, last Winter, to recover the rights of citizenship but the Legislature refused to pass the Bill drawn for that purpose, and they are still foreigners on their native shore.

On the 5th of October, 1872, District Attorney Garretson, of Hudson County, made an affidavit before Justice Aldridge, alleging that McWilliams and Detective Doyle were implicated in the attempted robbery of the First National Bank in Jersey City. The burglars were discovered on the night of the 5th of June, 1872, and, as soon as possible, Michael Sandford, the cashier, telegraphed to Chief McWilliams, who was in Philadelphia attending the Republican Convention which nominated President Grant. The telegram was received by ex-Mayor James Gossip, and delivered to McWilliams, who did not know what Sandford wanted, as the dispatch simply asked him to come on at once. The Chief paid no attention to the summons, and did not know of the arrest of the burglars until the following day, when he saw the announcement in a New York paper.

On the 6th of October, McWilliams presented himself in the Hudson County Court, and pleaded not guilty to four indictments, on which he gave bail in the sum of \$7,000 each, and a separate indictment, on which he gave bail for \$1,000.

The community was astounded, and every one seemed to sympathize with him. He said that the charges were made by his political enemies, but the District Attorney continued to secure circumstantial evidence against him, and finally brought the case to trial. McWilliams in the meantime manifested considerable uneasiness, and on the 9th of October he was again arrested. When the arrest was made, he was in a larger-bier saloon much frequented by local politicians; and he asked the Deputy Sheriff to allow a detective, who happened to be present, to accompany him into the yard. A few minutes afterwards the detective returned, and told the Sheriff's officers that McWilliams had escaped. A hasty search was made, but without finding him. On the 12th of October he returned, but before he reached the Court his bonds were forfeited. On the 14th he again secured bail, the trial being continued during the October Term; and, as the evidence blackened against him, his anxious bondsmen surrendered him, and he spent a short time in the County Jail. The allegations made against him by the burglars Dennin, Proctor and Foley, who were arrested while in the act of breaking into the First National Bank, June 5th, 1872, were pretty much as follows:

During the month of March preceding the robbery McWilliams had met them in a den in New York, and proposed that they should "crack" the First National Bank. After some hesitation they agreed to undertake the job. They came over with McWilliams and examined the bank, hired the rooms in an adjoining building, which were on a line with the bank-vault, and, passing themselves as sculptors, had a number of tools taken to their new quarters early in May, 1872. All the precautions usual under such circumstances were taken, and they allege that the Chief and Detective Doyle promised to give them timely notice, in case the attempt was discovered.

The story was corroborated by each of the thieves, but no one would believe them. At last Mrs. Willy Devereaux, said to be a sister of Proctor's, told the District Attorney that she would arrange a meeting with McWilliams in her house in New York, and he could send some reliable person to be secreted in the room and hear the conversation. This was agreed to, and ex-Chief of Police McDonough, of Hoboken, was selected. He was secreted in a wardrobe during a conversation between Mrs. Devereaux and Detective Doyle, who was sent by McWilliams, in which McDonough says Doyle admitted that the Chief "put up the job," and also confessed his own complicity. This was denied by Doyle, who tells a very different story of the interview. Mrs. Devereaux, of course, tells the same story as McDonough.

Mrs. Devereaux was around during the months of July, August and September of 1872, working up the case, but when she was wanted at the trial she had mysteriously disappeared. The trial lasted over two weeks, and ended on the 31st of October, 1872. The jury disagreed, and McWilliams was released on bail. The case was not moved until the 16th of July, when it was again called in the Hudson County Court, before Judge Scudder, of Monmouth. Judge Bedle being a stockholder in the bank, could not sit in the case. This time Mrs. Devereaux appeared, and was the first witness sworn. She gave a detailed account of the bank robbery, and mixed McWilliams's name with it very freely. Dennin, Proctor and Foley were brought from the State Prison at Trenton to testify. Dennin said that he had met McWilliams in a saloon in Mercer Street, New York, before he heard anything of the bank robbery, and at a meeting on Broadway, some time after, McWilliams proposed the affair. He told him that there were rooms to let adjoining the bank, and that there was no danger, as he or Detective Doyle would always be around. About three weeks after, McWilliams saw Dennin passing a beer saloon in Jersey City, called him in, renewed the conversation in regard to the robbery, went with him and showed him the rooms. The arrangements were completed and the rooms engaged shortly afterwards. The other burglars corroborated the testimony given by Dennin and Mrs. Devereaux with so many particulars, that if their testimony had been admitted as evidence the case would have been very black against McWilliams; but as they are convicts, they cannot give legal evidence, and so McWilliams was acquitted, and was carried home on the shoulders of the crowd.

C. D. BEEMAN, General Deputy, National Grange, has been visiting officially the agricultural districts of Northern New York.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NEW ENGLAND.

MAINE.—A new granite Custom House is to be erected in Rockland.

The muster of State militia will take place near the Marine Hospital, in Portland, on the 19th of August.

General Sheridan, it is said, has ordered the dismantlement of Fort Sullivan, at Eastport.

A life-saving station has just been established at the eastern side of the Carrying Place Cove, in Lubec.

The Society of the Army and Navy of the Gulf holds its reunion at Portland, August 6th.

Smutty Nose Island, Isles of Shoals, the scene of the Wagner tragedy, is said to have been entirely deserted by the superstitious fishermen living there.

The Catholics of Portland are making arrangements for a grand fair, to be held in October, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum.

The Democratic State Committee have issued their call for a general convention, to be held in Portland, August 12th.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—There is talk of erecting a monument at Odiorne's Point, Portsmouth, to commemorate the settlement in 1623.

The Agricultural Society offers \$8,000 for premiums for the State Fair, to be held at Manchester, September 30th.

The legislators are considering the feasibility of fining every circus that enters the State \$1,000.

The citizens of Pittsfield are still agitating the water-supply question, and now talk of bringing it from Shaw's Pond.

VERMONT.—Dr. H. D. Holton, of Brattleborough, and Dr. Marshall Calkins, of Springfield, Mass., have been elected Professors in the Medical Department of the University of Vermont.

A worthy testimonial to the lives and labors of Rev. Dr. Hubbard Winslow and his brother has recently been made in the form of a monument erected by friends in the cemetery at Williston, Vt.

The Winoski River has been stocked with shad from the hatching house in South Hadley Falls, Mass.

There is to be a general encampment and reunion of all the surviving soldiers of Vermont in Rutland on the 6th, 7th and 8th of August.

Bennington wants to jubilate on the 16th of August, the anniversary of the big fight.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Fall meeting of the Springfield Club takes place on Hampden Park, August 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d. There are \$40,000 in premiums.

A Musical Convention will be held at Gardner, September 3d, 4th and 5th.

The Clark Institute for Deaf Mutes at Northampton is building a workshop, for the purpose of assisting those pupils who have a mechanical turn of mind.

The will of the late Congressman William Whiting gives \$5,000 to Harvard College for a scholarship; \$1,000 to the town of Concord, for its public library; \$50,000 to relatives and friends; and the remainder of his estate to his wife and children.

After a checked career, the historic yacht *America* turns up at Bay View, Gloucester, as the pleasure-boat of General Butler and his more intimate friends.

CONNECTICUT.—Some \$40,000 were appropriated last Winter for the excavation of the channel in Bridgeport Harbor, and the work will soon commence.

The famous Captain Colvocoresses suit, whose policies the insurance companies refuse to pay, on the supposition that he committed suicide, will be tried in the September Term of the Superior Court, at Litchfield.

Governor Ingersoll will appear in behalf of the estate, and W. W. Eaton for the combined insurance companies.

The United States school-ship *Mercury* is at anchor in New London Harbor.

A design for a soldiers' monument by Henry A. House has been adopted at Bridgeport, and will be erected on Seaside Park.

Hartford's twenty-three factories employ 3,026 hands, and produce yearly a value of \$8,515,000 in manufactured articles.

Professor Ball, the Yale College drawing-teacher, has left the service of the College for that of the city in the public schools.

The Rev. Burdett Hart will return to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, in Fair Haven, after an absence of thirteen years in Philadelphia.

The reunion of the Fifteenth Connecticut Volunteers will occur at New Haven, August 25th.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Y. M. C. A. of Providence will treat poor children to free excursions.

THE MIDDLE STATES.

NEW YORK.—Five suits by the passengers of the wrecked steamship *Atlantic* have been commenced against the White Star Steamship Company in Brooklyn for injuries sustained.

The directors of the Driving Park Association of Rochester have selected a tract of 86 acres on McCracken Street, and they hope to have the grounds ready for the public by September.

NEW JERSEY.—The property on which Washington's Headquarters stands at Morristown, which was purchased by Ex-Governor Randolph, General N. N. Halstead and others, has been transferred by them to the Historical Society of the State.

Mrs. Hanaford, Universalist preacher in New Haven, has resigned to accept a larger salary in Jersey City. The church is considering her resignation.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society will be held in September, at Washington's Headquarters, Morristown.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Council of Bristol has decided to exempt from taxation, for ten years, all manufacturing factories located in the town.

The State Teachers' Association will meet at Pittsburgh August 11th.

Berks County will lead the State this year in agricultural exhibitions, the time being settled for September 16th.

There have been 400,000 of the new silver dollars delivered from the Philadelphia Mint.

Joseph C. Cloud recently started from Philadelphia to row to New Orleans for a wager of \$5,000, the conditions being that he will not sleep on shore until he reaches the latter place.

Mayor Stokely and several members of the Common Council of Philadelphia have started on an excursion to San Francisco.

The second artesian well bored in Reading is a success. It is at the foot of Bingham Street, and has a depth of 350 feet.

The work of transferring the Navy Yard to League Island is progressing. The foundations for the yards, docks, and storehouses are well advanced, and the brick walls of the buildings will soon be commenced. The gun park is nearly completed, and all the guns except the ten and fifteen-inch have been moved down and placed in position.

THE SOUTH.

TENNESSEE.—It is asserted by the police of Memphis that the failure to arrest the cholera long ago is owing to the fact that they had not been paid for six months.

A convocation met in Jackson on the 29th of July to discuss the proposed consolidation into one State of Western Tennessee, Northern Mississippi and Western Kentucky.

KENTUCKY.—A second bridge over the Ohio at Louisville is proposed. The east end of the city will be asked to subscribe \$500,000.

ARKANSAS.—O. A. Bradshaw, M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, I. O. O. F., died in Pine Bluff, of cholera.

ALABAMA.—The Episcopal Bishop of Alabama has succeeded in all but two cases in bringing up the minimum salary of every married clergyman in the diocese to \$1,000 a year.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The people of North Carolina are to vote upon eight amendments to their State Constitution at the August election.

LOUISIANA.—A large majority of citizens of Shreveport, it is said, favor the annexation of that city and vicinity to Texas, in hopes of securing greater freedom.

A convention of colored men will be held in New Orleans early in November.

The Hon. J. Henri Bruch, colored, left New Orleans on the 22d, as leader of a committee to visit Northern cities and explain the peculiarities of the last State election.

VIRGINIA.—The "mess" system at the University of Virginia makes living cheap. Board is only \$9 a month, and one student lived one year on \$140, which paid all his expenses.

The Southern Historical Society has issued a call for a convention of those interested in preserving the records of the lost cause at the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, on the 14th of August. General Jubal A. Early will deliver the opening address.

MARYLAND.—The Fifth Regiment of State Militia left Baltimore on the 23d for Camp Princeton, Cape May, N. J.

The Berger Schuetzen Association held their annual festival at Baltimore last week.

THE WEST.

IOWA.—The new Capitol is to be built of Minnesota granite, and will cost \$2,000,000.

A party of bandits attacked a railroad train near Adair on the 21st ult., threw part of it from the track, and stole \$2,000. They were masked like Ku-Klux, and kept the passengers in frenzy by the discharge of revolvers.

MICHIGAN.—The office of the City Clerk and Justice of the Peace, at Ypsilanti, has been robbed of all the city records, files of 1,100 chattel mortgages, and other important papers.

The annual races of the Hamtramck Park Association took place last week, near Detroit.

NEBRASKA.—The Mississippi River has made a cut-off at the Big Bend, four miles south of Omaha, Iowa, thus transferring about 1,500 acres to Nebraska.

INDIANA.—James Johnson, one of the oldest residents of Indianapolis, has endowed a medical college, to be attached to the Northwestern Christian University, with half a million dollars and a site for its location.

OHIO.—The fifth annual regatta of the Northwestern Amateur Boating Association commenced at Toledo on the 23d ult.

A meeting was held in Cincinnati to take steps to form a new political party, and 300 delegates, chiefly working-men, were present.

KANSAS.—State Senator Relby and Representative Allen, of Texas, spoke at Leavenworth on the 22d to a large party of colored Masons, from all the Western States, both demanding from the Republican Party the passage of civil rights laws.

MINNESOTA.—The Republican State Convention met at St. Paul. One of the resolutions adopted condemns, without reserve, the salary back-pay grab, and demands the prompt repeal of the law authorizing it.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

OREGON.—The Agricultural and Wool-growers' Association met at Roseburg, and permanently organized, on the 28th ult.

CALIFORNIA.—The Secretaries of the Grand Lodges of Masons and Odd Fellows are serving, in San Francisco, upon the Grand Jury.

Philo Jacoby, of San Francisco, won the first prize in the great shooting tournament at Zurich, Switzerland.

The National Guard of the State have been provided with improved breech-loaders.

Healdsburg is becoming a quicksilver market, the miners of that neighborhood making that town their base of business and supplies.

The manufacture of champagne is now thoroughly established in this State.

The people of San Mateo are about to construct a driving park, to cost \$20,000.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The next senior course of torpedo instruction on board Her Majesty's ship *Vernon*, at Portsmouth, England, commenced July 22d, and will last about two months.

The Tichborne trial has been adjourned on account of the intense heat.

FRANCE.—A rumor comes from Paris that a motive power which will entirely supersede steam for locomotion, both by sea and land, has just been discovered.

It is stated that the French Government has given authority for the purchase of 15,000 remount horses in Russia.

The old imperial carriages of France were repainted for the occasion of the Shah's visit, with fanciful coats-of-arms upon the panels—a helmet with plumes, a golden sun on a carabineer's cuirass, a grand cross of the Legion of Honor, and a streamer with the words "*Honneur et Patrie*."

Duke de Grammont has given the Government the Austrian dispatch of the 29th of July, 1870, which, as he alleges, proves that the Austrian Government had undertaken to support France in the war with Germany.

CHINA.—A strange rumor comes to hand via San Francisco, to the effect that an organization is in progress for a general massacre of the Europeans in the interior of China. The reason stated is that the French Minister will not consent to certain modifications of the treaty, and that the Chinese Government have taken this as a challenge to war; and the Chinese, knowing the superiority of Europeans in warfare, intended to resort to massacre. The rumors are becoming more and more grave, and a large number of soldiers are being collected around the various places where foreign missionaries are stationed.

RUSSIA.—The Czarowitz of Russia has been elected a member of the Royal Jockey Club. The Czarowitz stakes, which were endowed by the Czar before the Crimean war, may now be revived.

An expedition has been sent to explore the northern coast of Siberia.

JAPAN.—Intelligence has been received that on the 19th of June the Government issued an order that all foreign teachers must have a license, and the intention is understood to be to give no license to those teaching the Christian religion.

SPAIN.—It is reported that the minority in the Cortes intend to leave Madrid and go to Carthagen, where they propose establishing a separate government.

The Prussian frigate dispatched by the German Consul in pursuit of the Spanish war steamer *Vigilante*, which was captured by the insurgents, overhauled and captured her en route for Almeria. She will be delivered to the Government.

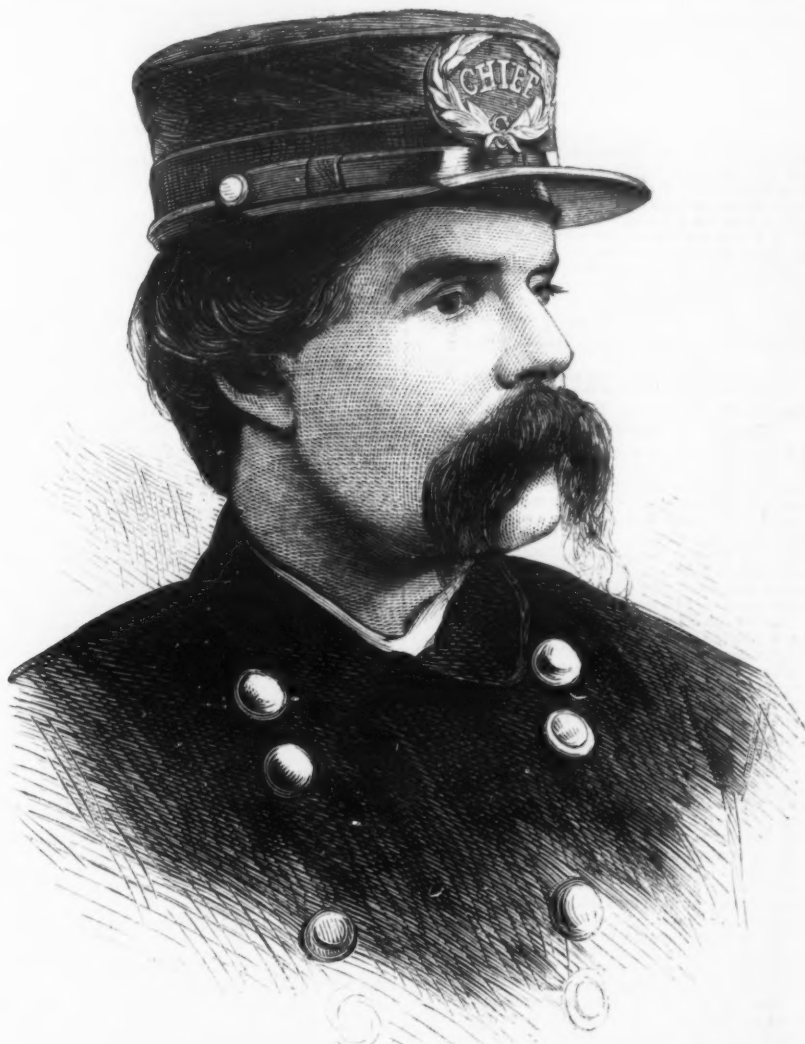
General Sickles is said to be in poor health, his recent labors in Madrid, amid so much political excitement, having been most onerous.



THE SUNNY SOUTH--A NEGRO REVIVAL MEETING--A SEEKER "GETTING RELIGION."--DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPARD.--SEE PAGE 346.



ETHELBERT S. MILLS, PRESIDENT OF THE BROOKLYN TRUST COMPANY, WHO SPECULATED WITH THE FUNDS OF THE COMPANY, AND WAS DROWNED OFF CONEY ISLAND, JULY 15TH.



CHIEF M'WILLIAMS, OF THE JERSEY CITY POLICE, TRIED FOR COMPLICITY WITH LOCAL CRIMINALS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THEO. GUBLEMAN, JERSEY CITY.—SEE PAGE 350.

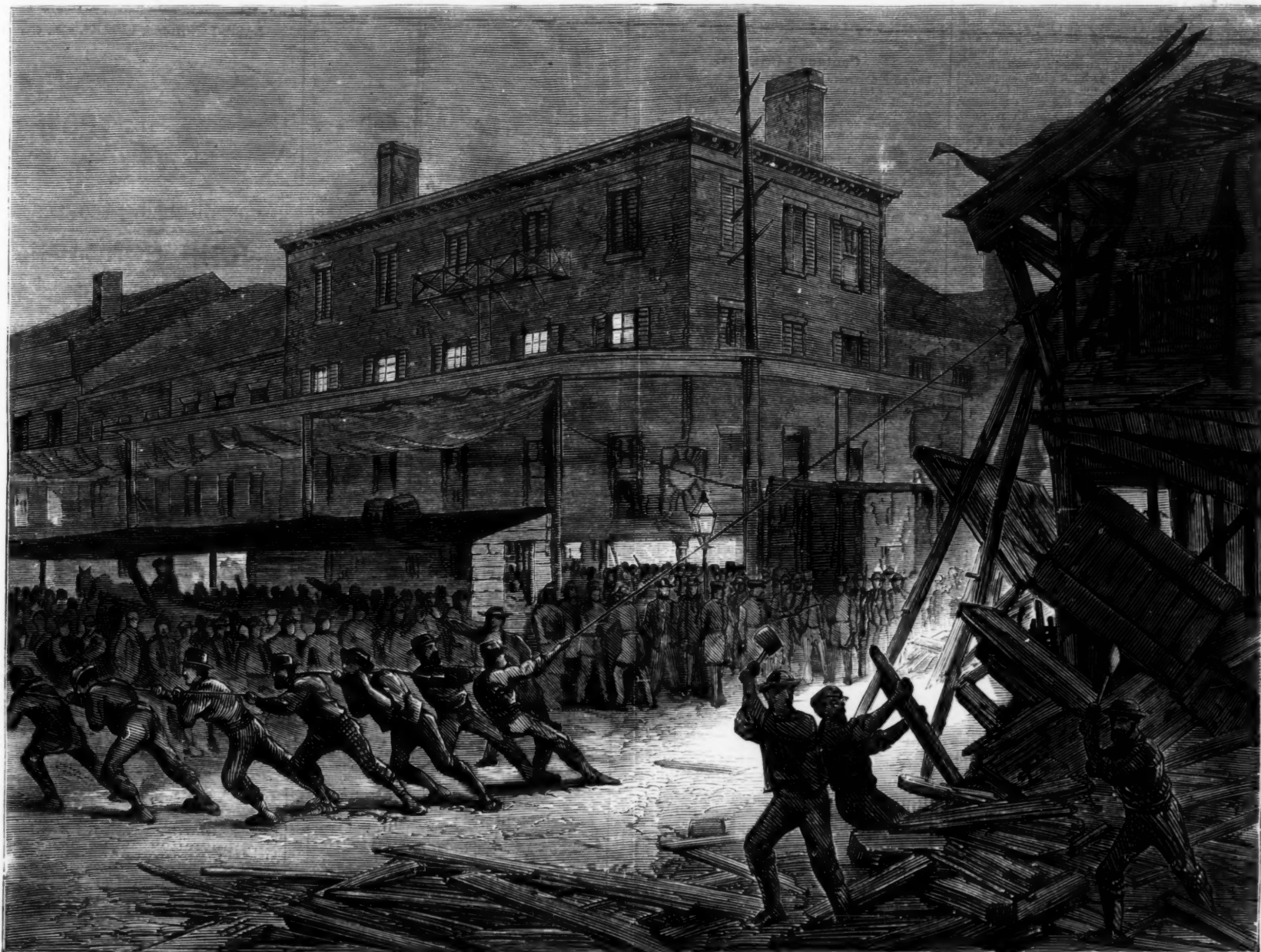
THE LATE ETHELBERT S. MILLS.

LATE on Tuesday afternoon, July 15th, intelligence was received in New York and Brooklyn that Ethelbert S. Mills, President of the Brooklyn Trust Company, President of the Brooklyn Art Association, and a prominent member of various financial and social organizations, was drowned that morning

at Coney Island, while bathing. It seems he had gone to the beach at half-past five o'clock A.M., having expressed the determination to have a bath, preparatory to being driven in his carriage to his home in Brooklyn. He entered the surf near House No. 5. An hour later one of the bathing-masters noticed a gentleman's clothing lying on the beach, and, examining it, found that it belonged to

Mr. Mills. He reported the fact at once, and efforts were made to recover the body. Several men plunged into the surf, and after swimming about for some time, noticed a corpse floating towards the sea. It was recovered, and proved to be that of Mr. Mills. A jury was impaneled, and, after hearing the facts, the members returned a verdict of accidental drowning.

But little surprise was excited at the time. Mr. Mills was regarded as an expert swimmer, but it was supposed he had been attacked by cramps, and met his death while trying to regain the beach. On Saturday, July 19th, some very unpleasant statements were made public, which latter, with the meagre particulars of his death, only served to increase the excitement. It was then asserted that the



NEW YORK CITY.—THE BOARD OF HEALTH REMOVING STREET OBSTRUCTIONS AT WASHINGTON MARKET, ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 23D.—SEE PAGE 354.

business affairs of the Trust Company, of which the deceased had been President, were seriously compromised. It was charged that Mr. Mills had overdrawn his account to the amount of at least \$100,000, and had also used several hundred thousand dollars belonging to the Company, assuming very doubtful certificates for the same.

The Company bore a substantial reputation, as, in addition to large personal deposits, the United States had the sum of \$200,000 placed therein. A few days previous to Mr. Mills's death he spoke to his son in reference to his indebtedness to the Company, stating that he felt worried about his account, because it was overdrawn, but was positive he could straighten his affairs in a few days.

The money he had loaned on doubtful securities were on Georgia and Connecticut railroad stock. The excitement has steadily increased, and a full explanation of the transactions of the Company is demanded.

STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.

THE N. Y. BOARD OF HEALTH REMOVING A PORTION OF WASHINGTON MARKET.

FOR several weeks past the Health authorities of New York have been endeavoring to remove the hucksters' booths that overlap the sidewalk about the principal markets, on account of the obstruction they offer to the drainage of the filth that collects in the gutters. When it became evident that they were thoroughly in earnest, the marketmen showed fight. A compromise was effected, by which it was agreed that five feet of the gutter obstruction should be removed.

The Health officers, fearing that opposition would be exhibited, called upon the police, and on Wednesday afternoon, July 23d, a strong force, under Captain Copeland, marched down to Washington Market. The contractor was ready to commence the work of demolition, and upon the arrival of the police the tin roofs, wooden posts and patched coverings of many stands began to fly about. The work was kept up to a late hour, and resumed on the following day. Fulton, Vesey and West Streets were for many hours thoroughly obstructed to the passage of vehicles. Boards, shingles, pieces of joist, strips of tin-roofing, counters, barrels, boxes, and the entire paraphernalia of the marketmen, were unceremoniously distributed along the streets. Butchers growled and fruit-women shook their fingers in vain. The line had been drawn, and everything that reached beyond was doomed to removal.

All of Thursday was occupied by removing the debris from West Street, the police doing little but reading the morning papers or laughing at the protestations of excited hucksters.

The officers of the Health Board promise still further relief in this line, and it is certain that so far as they act for the immunity of our citizens from pestilence they will receive general commendation.

The marketmen, to the number of a hundred, have begun suits against the City for damages for the ruin of their property. The City will be sustained by public opinion.

AMONG THE KANAKAS.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—THE DELICIOUS LOMI-LOMI—AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCESS.

THE interior of the native hut has a very pleasant, clean appearance, with an odor of fresh grasses, and an aromatic fragrance from numerous wreaths of *maili*, or native myrtle, which, stripped from the wood with all its bright green leaves attached, is fashioned into garlands and wreaths, with which to deck the rafters and crossing-poles of the house.

The interior is divided into three compartments by sheets of snowy *kapa*, or bark cloth, suspended from the poles that stretch across the hut from side to side and end to end, tying the walls together. The floor is covered with small smooth pebbles, over which are laid heavy mats, braided of the leaves of the *hale*, or "screw-palm." These mats are made the full size of the room they are to be used in, and being piled one over the other, renders the floor soft and yielding to the foot.

Reclining upon their smooth, cool surface, with a *pulu*-filled pillow beneath our heads, and several more skillfully adjusted beneath our limbs by the old lady before mentioned, we ascertain that we can enjoy the novelty of a *lomi-lomi*. After our long ride we feel that nothing would be more acceptable, and we arrange ourselves for the operation.

Stretched out upon the smooth, fragrant mats, we are surprised to see kneel down by us a couple of young and pleasant-looking females, whom we had not seen about the premises before.

We are not disposed to be over-curious in the matter, chiefly because we do not care, and, in addition, we do not wish to delay the process to which we have submitted.

With a preliminary smile that reveals a set of most beautiful teeth—all her own!—our young friend proceeds to knead and mold our limbs with her small, well-shaped hands, tracing with dexterous fingers the course of our tired muscles, and by her scientific manipulation driving from them all latent aches, and causing them to tingle delightfully. Each joint is flexed and reflexed, until we feel as supine as old rags. With a peculiar rolling motion, the knuckles of their hands are molded into the angles and curves of our bodies, and this is prolonged until all symptoms of involuntary resistance on our part have vanished, and we are rolled from side to side and kneaded into a state of blissful lassitude, that leaves us nothing to desire in the way of perfect rest.

Our heads are manipulated by being forcibly pressed between the palms of the hands, in such a manner as to seemingly sensibly alter the shape of our sinuiput and occiput. All of these motions tend to drive the latent headache down the spine, and by forcibly pinching the back of the neck the operator sends a series of electric thrills through our bodies, and out to the tips of our fingers and toes.

All the while the gentle palmists have been keeping up a ceaseless chatter with each other, not only being totally unintelligible to us, but soft and harmonious with vocals, producing somewhat the effect of merry water rippling over a pebbly bed in some shady recess of a deep wood.

There is a glorious feeling of rest stealing over us as we lie upon the soft mats and listlessly gaze through the open doorway at a group of natives squatting around a huge calabash of *poi*. We are too supremely indolent and comfortable to feel any hunger at the sight, and are therefore well content to remain where we are and watch them.

They have spread a clean mat upon the surface of pebbles that form the platform on which the hut stands, and, placing in the middle the calabash spoken of, full of the party-looking preparation of *kalo*, called *poi*, arrange around it little heaps of dried fish, broiled squid, roasted *kui-kui* nuts, salt, seaweed, crabs and shrimps. Then the family, with all the others that chance to be present, arrange themselves in a circle within arm's-length of the *poi*, and the feast begins.

First, a shallow calabash, filled with water, is handed round, into which they dip their fingers, and then dry them on a bit of *kapa*. The sleeve of the right arm is tucked up, and, one after the other, they dip one, two, or three fingers into the plastic *poi*, and, with a dexterous twirl, extract a mass varying in size according to the possible dimensions of the mouth to which it is conveyed. There is a practiced skill evinced in the manner in which this feat is performed. The head is thrown back, the eyes closed, the mouth opened, and the adhesive mass vanishes. The fingers are withdrawn, clean, and a pinch of salt placed on the tongue and tasted with a smacking relish that almost makes our mouth water. At times we note one pause with two or three fingers loaded with *poi*, which is kept from falling off by being gently waved to and fro, and turned from side to side in the air, while the bearer makes a remark, or joins in the hearty laughter that is always breaking out, after which down goes the lump with "neatness and dispatch."

Our fair *lomi-lomi*-ists join the group, and while room is made for them, we are able to tell, from a certain embarrassed air they wear, together with the frequent repetition of the word *haoli*, or "white man," that they are being joked with on our account.

The Hawaiians are a great people to laugh; it comes to them as easy as lying, and they indulge in both on any and every occasion.

What with the feeling of lassitude that has crept over us in consequence of the *lomi-lomi*-ing we have undergone, enhanced as it is by the perfect repose around us, and the luxurious coolness of the soft mats, the drowsy influence of the soft air stirring the rustling leaves of the thatch overhead, and the knowledge of the fact that we have nothing else to do, we drop asleep with the vision of a plummy *kahili*, or feather fan, waving to and fro over our heads.

FUN-OGRAPHY.

QUARTER-MASTERS—Pork-packers.

It doesn't pay to let a hack-driver ac-count you.

COAL-MEN have made a hit with their new chute.

THE only Seine jurymen in the world live in Paris.

ONE way to get out of a scrape—Let your beard grow.

WHAT relation is the door to the mat?—A stepfather.

SAUSAGES are said to be a specific for ague and fever, on account of the canine in them.

TEACHER—"How many kinds of axes are there?" Boy—"Broad-ax, narrow ax, post ax, ax of the Legislature, and ax of the Apostles!"

AN untoward circumstance—Ohio wards cut off their toes to prevent their guardians sending them to Sunday-school. This is an abuse of V-toe power.

A FINE bay horse was found suspended, one morning, from a cherry-tree, by the neck, and dead. He had been left hitched to a branch of the tree, which had grown so rapidly during the night that it raised him off his feet and hung him. And they don't think of fencing in California.

YOUNG WIFE—"George, dear, I've had a talk with the servants this morning, and I've agreed to raise their wages. They said everything was so dear now—meat was so high, and coals had risen to such a price, and everything—I thought this was reasonable, because I've so often heard you complain of the same thing."

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THE "Polytechnic" is a collection of songs edited by U. C. Burnap, Mus. Doc., and Dr. William I. Wetmore, and published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., No. 14 Bond Street, New York. This is emphatically a book for schools and academies, and contains musical gems from the best masters. The songs are arranged for mixed voices, and with a view to interest and please the pupil. The poetry is fresh and vigorous, and well adapted to the music; and in this collection the musical scholar, amateur and professor, will find much to admire and enjoy. We trust this book will meet with a ready sale.

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LAWN SPRINKLER.—Many gentlemen, who have noticed a beautiful little lawn-sprinkler and portable fountain in the garden of the writer, have inquired where it could be purchased. It is advertised in this issue, and may be had of Mr. R. Brusie, the patentee, at No. 11 High Street, Brooklyn. The price is \$12 in plain brass, and \$15 in nickel-plated. It may be attached to an ordinary hose, and furnishes a delightful attraction to any well-kept grounds.—*Journal of Commerce.*

ONE of the most reliable wind and weather foretellers that we have seen is Fisher's Storm Glass and Barometer. It predicts all approaching changes in the atmosphere, and is invaluable to mariners and farmers. The chief depot is at 98 Cedar Street, New York City.

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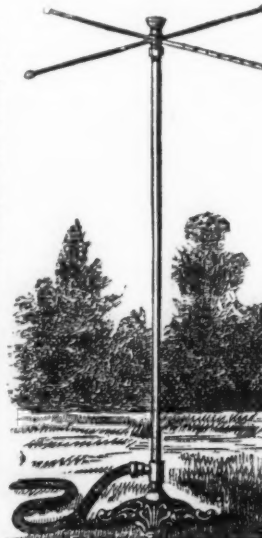
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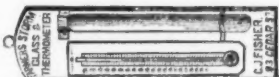
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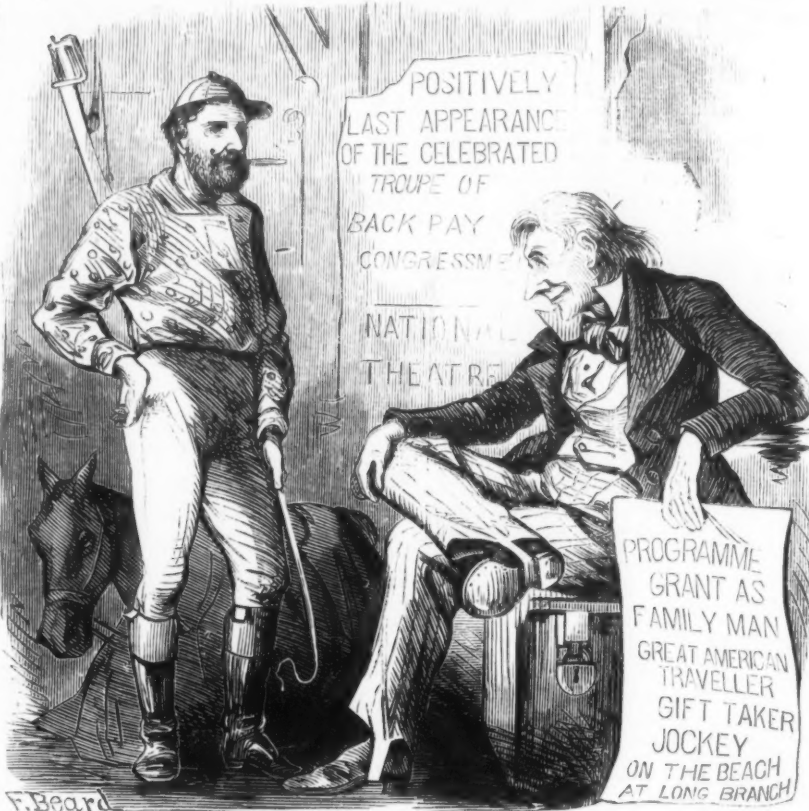
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